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PREFATORY NOTE.

IN the following Introduction and Notes to Marlowe's best-known Play, I have not presumed to attempt an exhaustive critical commentary: that has already been accomplished by the immense learning of Dr. Ward (*Old English Drama*: Clarendon Press). My aim has been merely to provide young students of English Literature with a compact edition which may render the Play intelligible, and give them some idea of the origins of our Drama and the work of Shakespeare's great precursor. I have cut out a few coarse phrases, to render the text suitable for school use and general reading.

I wish to make full acknowledgment of my obligations to previous editors, especially to Mr. Bullen and Dr. Ward.

W. M.

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INTRODUCTION.

I. THE RISE OF ELIZABETHAN DRAMA.

§ 1. The English Romantic Drama of Elizabeth's time, one of the chief glories of our literature, did not arise from imitation of the classical drama of Greece but from purely native sources. The classical drama of Athens,—and of France down to the time of Victor Hugo,—strictly observed the Three Unities,—of Time (the action must be restricted to one day), of Place (there must be no change of scene, or only such as was evidently possible within the time allotted), and of Subject (the action must spring from and depend upon a single controlling purpose). Neither must tragedy be mixed with comedy. The romantic drama, on the other hand, which alone found favour on the English stage, obeyed no such artificial restrictions. In *Faustus*, for example, the story is spread over twenty-four years, and the scene shifts from Wittenberg to Rome, Innsbruck, etc.

As early as the reign of Edward III., *Miracle Plays* or *Mysteries*¹ had been acted, under the sanction of the Church, to instruct the people, before the days of printing, in stories taken from the Bible and from the Legends of the Saints. At first written by the clergy and performed by choristers and others in the churches, they were soon taken up by the Trade Guilds, which then flourished in every town, and were acted on movable stages in the streets,—generally at the great Church Festivals of Easter, Corpus Christi, and Christmas. They were especially popular, both in this country and on the Continent, in the fifteenth century.

As 'comic relief' to the sacred or legendary narrative thus represented, scenes of buffoonery and horse-play, which ultimately passed into gross irreverence, were usually introduced. The Devil was made a sort of butt, on whom saints and scriptural characters played tricks. King Herod was another popular 'villain': cp. *Hamlet*, iii. 2, 16.

These Miracle Plays continued in popular favour till long after the Reformation; the latest known representation in this country was that of the

¹The former name is sometimes restricted to legendary subjects, the latter to scriptural.

Three Kings of Cologne at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1599. In Germany, though not discouraged by the Reformers, they afterwards led to abuses and were suppressed by authority,—a special exception being made in favour of the simple and pious peasants of Oberammergau, in Bavaria, who still perform the Passion Play every ten years.

§ 2. Similar to the Miracle Plays, and perhaps growing out of them, were the *Moralities*, in which the characters were Virtues and Vices personified,—Truth, Temperance, Iniquity, etc.,—with, of course, the Devil as scapegoat and general butt. As time went on, allusions to current events crept in, generally of a satirical nature,—the failings of monks and friars being a favourite topic. These features became still more prominent in the *Interludes*,—dramatic dialogues with singing and clowning interspersed, performed at Court and civic festivals and in the houses of the great, who were not exempt from the raillery of the privileged jester.

In all these performances,—Miracle Plays, Moralities, and Interludes,—there was a good deal of scope (especially in the last-named) for improvisation, or what modern actors call ‘gagging.’ From the Interlude to Farce or Comedy was but a step.

§ 3. Yet another forerunner of regular drama was the *Masque*, a poetical and allegorical sketch with music and dancing, introduced in the reign of Henry VIII. Masques were usually performed at weddings, etc., by members of the household. Elizabeth was fond of them, and several were written by Peele, Fletcher, and Ben Jonson. The most famous of all, and one of the last, was Milton's *Comus*, in praise of Temperance or Chastity, performed at Ludlow Castle in 1634, to celebrate the formal entry of the Earl of Bridgewater on his official duties as Lord President of Wales and the Marches.

§ 4. None of the above-mentioned precursors of drama required elaborate scenery or professional actors. They were performed in halls or courtyards, or even in the open air. Even when drama proper came into existence, the setting and scenery were of the simplest kind, and left almost everything to the spectator's imagination.

'Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them.'

Shakespeare, *Henry V.*

§ 5. It was not till the middle of the sixteenth century that drama proper developed out of these crude beginnings, which had at any rate familiarised the people with scenic representation. Cultivated

writers, under the influence of the Renaissance spirit, now made an attempt to introduce a more literary form of drama.

The earliest plays, properly so-called, in the English language, are the two comedies or farces, *Ralph Roister Doister*, by Nicholas Udall, headmaster of Eton, about 1540, and *Gammer Gurton's Needle* (1566) by Bishop Still. The first original tragedy was *Gorboduc* (or *Ferrex and Perrex*), acted before Elizabeth by law-students of the Temple in 1562. It was written, in collaboration with Thomas Norton, by the accomplished Thomas Sackville, a cousin of the Queen, who afterwards became Lord Buckhurst and Earl of Dorset, and succeeded Burleigh as Lord Treasurer. The play was founded on an old British legend from Geoffrey of Monmouth, and like many later dramas (*e.g.* *Dr. Faustus* and Shakespeare's *Henry V.*) was 'moralized' at intervals, after the fashion of the old Miracle Plays, by a Chorus.

Besides its interest as the first English tragedy, not a mere translation, *Gorboduc* is important as being the first play written in blank verse, which from that time forward became the recognised form of presenting tragedy and the higher kind of comedy.

§ 6. But courtly writers like Sackville, who would

have regulated the stage by classical¹ rules and models, never succeeded in winning the ear of the people. The true Elizabethan or romantic drama, which recognised no rules and cared for no precedents, began in the last quarter of the sixteenth century² with the writings of a brilliant group of young Oxford and Cambridge men, Shakespeare's younger contemporaries,—Greene, Peele, Marlowe, etc. Then came the great age of Chapman, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ford, Webster, Heywood, Massinger, Ben Jonson, and the master of them all, William Shakespeare.

To this school, careless of form and not in every case controlled by taste or judgment, but unrivalled in literature for dramatic vigour, variety, and poetic force, no foreign or classical origin can be assigned. It sprang direct from the spirit of the English nation, awakened from intellectual slumber by the broader light of the Reformed Religion and the penetrating influence of the New Learning, and roused to high enthusiasm and self-confidence by the deadly and glorious struggle with Spain for the

¹ Or rather semi-classical, for they seem to have taken the dramas of Seneca as their pattern.

² It ran its brief and splendid course in less than fifty years, closing with the reign of James I.

opening of the New World, for the mastery of the sea, and for the very existence of England. The romantic drama, with its free spirit, was the chief fruit of the Renaissance in this country: and the romantic drama was founded by Christopher Marlowe.

§ 7. Its materials were drawn from the most various sources,—from old chronicles and histories (Geoffrey of Monmouth, Stowe, Holinshed), from Italian story-books (especially Boccaccio's *Decameron*¹), from the classical writers of antiquity (particularly Plutarch's *Lives*), and from many other quarters,—not least from contemporary events. The age was one of eager interest in every branch of thought as well as in adventurous action. 'The one point which the playwright kept steadily in view was to sustain the interest of his audience by a succession of entertaining incidents. . . . His paramount object was to feel and make his audience feel the reality of life, and to evoke living men and women from the miscellaneous mass of fables

¹ Italian was much more studied in this country in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries than it is at the present day: see the many allusions in Bacon and Milton. The French language and literature, though beginning to be a great influence on English writers, had in Elizabeth's time only just emerged from the medieval stage.

which lay open to him in classical, medieval, and modern literature' (J. A. Symonds).

II. CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

§ 8. Marlowe, Shakespeare's greatest predecessor in the English drama, and 'the first great poet who uses our modern English speech,' was born at Canterbury (1564), the son of a shoemaker. He was educated at the King's School, Canterbury, and from thence went on to Benet (now Corpus Christi) College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1583. He then came up to London, to follow, like Greene and Peele, the precarious career of man of letters and writer for the stage. His first tragedy,—he wrote no comedies,—was *Tamburlaine the Great*, 1587, written in blank verse, like *Gorboduc*, but blank verse of a vastly finer quality than Sackville's. In the Prologue, Marlowe speaks with superb self-confidence :

'From jiggling veins of rhyming mother-wits,
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,
We'll lead you to the stately tent of war,
Where you shall hear the Scythian Tamburlaine
Threatening the world with high astounding terms.'

And he kept his word. Though he discarded the 'clownage' scenes which were then so popular,

the play was at once taken into public favour and long continued to hold the stage, though sometimes gently ridiculed for its violence of language and swelling phrase. One passage in particular tickled the popular fancy, where the great Scythian conqueror Tamburlaine (*i.e.* Timour the Tartar) harnesses captive kings to his chariot and addresses them thus :

‘Holla ! ye pampered jades of Asia !

What ! can ye draw but twenty miles a day ?’

In spite of this exuberance, however, the play has many passages of great rhetorical force. How finely do the following lines convey the barbaric exultation of the conqueror :

Meander : Your majesty shall shortly have your wish,
And ride in triumph through Persepolis.

Tamburl. : ‘And ride in triumph through Persepolis !’
Is it not brave to be a King, Techelles ?
Usumcasane and Theridamas,
Is it not passing brave to be a King,
‘And ride in triumph through Persepolis ?’

§ 9. Tamburlaine is taken as the type of lawless greed for power,—one who ‘wades through slaughter to a throne

And shuts the gates of mercy on mankind’ ;

just as in *Faustus*, his next play, Marlowe depicts the lust for unlawful knowledge by compact with

hell, and in the *Jew of Malta* the mad lust for gold,—in all three cases driving home the moral with immense vigour of language and dramatic power. His envious rival Greene, and apparently others, objected to the vaunting terms put, with sufficient dramatic propriety, into the mouth of the proud tyrant,—‘daring God out of heaven with that Atheist Tamburlaine,’—and went on from that ground to accuse Marlowe himself of atheism.

That Marlowe's life was wild and irregular seems undoubted. He met his death in a tavern brawl at Deptford in his twenty-ninth year (1593). See p. xxx.

§ 10. His tragedies are:

- (1) *Tamburlaine the Great* (two parts): 1587.
- (2) *The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*: 1588 or 1589.
- (3) *The Jew of Malta*,—of very unequal power: from the Jew Barabas Shakespeare *may* have got some hints for the character of Shylock.
- (4) *Edward II.*, his masterpiece, and the only one of his plays which we possess as it came from the author's hand; a tragedy not much inferior, in the opinion of some critics, to Shakespeare's *Richard II.* on a very similar theme. ‘The reluctant

pangs of abdicating royalty in Edward furnished hints,' says Charles Lamb, 'which Shakespeare scarce improved upon in his *Richard II.*; and the death-scene of Marlowe's King moves pity and terror beyond any scene, ancient or modern, with which I am acquainted.'

Two other plays, *The Massacre at Paris*, and *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, were left unfinished by Marlowe, who on the other hand is believed to have written some scenes with Shakespeare in *Henry VI.* (all three parts) and *Titus Andronicus*,—in the latter of which Shakespeare's own share was probably not very great.

Besides his dramas, Marlowe wrote a fine (unfinished) poem, *Hero and Leander*, in heroic couplets, one line of which ('Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?') Shakespeare quotes in *As You Like It*. The well-known ballad, *The Passionate Shepherd to his Love*, is also by Marlowe.

III. THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DR. FAUSTUS.

§ 11. The play is based on the German story of Dr. Faustus or Faust, a real person who lived in the early part of the sixteenth century, and who

was believed to have sold himself to the Devil. His history, with many marvellous additions, appeared at Frankfort, in 1587, in a small volume, generally quoted as the *Faustbuch*.

The author seems to have been an ardent Reformer, 'who caught the attention of the people,' as Prof. Henry Morley says in his Introduction to *Faustus*, 'by stringing together incidents of magic associated with the fabulous career of a man who had died some fifty years before [1538], and whose name and fame survived him. The writer's desire was to warn against presumptuous sins; to attack, through Faust, the pride of intellect that sets God at defiance; and through stories of Faust's magic to pour, now and then, Protestant scorn on the Pope.'

In the same year (1587) *A Ballad of the Life and Death of Dr. Faustus, the Great Conjurer*, appeared in London, and was followed, probably next year, by an English translation of the *Faustbuch*, entitled *The History of the Damnable Life and Deserved Death of Dr. John Faustus*. It was upon this version that Marlowe founded his Play, following the German legend pretty closely: the wearisome comic scenes (whether by him or not § 13) are copied with special fidelity. The poetry needless to say, is Marlowe's own.

§ 12. The *Tragical History* is rather a series of detached scenes than a regular play, and shows many traces (§ 16) of the primitive elements from which the Elizabethan drama was evolved. It forms, in fact, a connecting link between the old Miracle Plays and Drama proper. Still it contains many passages of great power and beauty, especially the famous address to Helen of Troy and the despairing agony of Faustus' last night on earth. The vacillation of the magician is drawn with great force. At one moment he is puffed up with pride of intellect and eager to barter his soul for more of that knowledge which is power; at another, quailing at the thought of his final doom and listening in terror to the warnings of the Old Man and his own Good Angel. In vain he endeavours to put aside the remembrance of hell by indulgence in pleasure and in scenes of riotous jest; the awful thought of approaching damnation forces itself upon him in the midst of his strivings to forget.

The other characters are more or less shadowy and featureless. Marlowe's Mephistophilis is not the cynical spirit of evil drawn by the genius of Goethe, but a more commonplace drudge of the Infernal Powers, though not without 'signs of remorse and passion' (see i. 3, 76). The absence

also of any such character as that of Marguerite in the German poet's masterpiece tends to deprive the story of much of its pathos and human interest.

A voluminous literature has grown up in Germany around the Faust legend, which has been chosen by an even greater poet than Marlowe as the vehicle by which he gave to the world one of its profoundest and most philosophical poems, the drama of *Faust*.

IV. THE CLOWNAGE SCENES.

§ 13. Marlowe's *Faustus* differs from his other plays in containing a good deal of the 'clownage' or buffoonery which he had himself contemptuously disowned in the Prologue to *Tamburlaine*. It is possible that some parts of these scenes were written by Marlowe (§ 11), but there is no necessity to suppose that he is responsible for much of it. Such scenes, which were very popular with Elizabethan audiences,—at any rate with the 'groundlings' who stood in what is now called the pit of the theatre,—were part of the regular stock in trade of the theatrical companies. They were written to order by literary hacks, or by the actors themselves, and were transferred from one play to another (*Faustus*, i. 4, note). Even Shakespeare's text is

suspected to have suffered interpolations of this kind, and that the same fate befel *Faustus* admits of definite proof.

§ 14. The first known edition of the play is the Quarto of 1604, eleven years after Marlowe's death. Several others followed, mere reprints of the Quarto; but in 1616 there appeared a much enlarged edition, containing many more scenes and additions to scenes, almost entirely of the 'clownage' type, and for the most part taken from the *Faustbuch*. These could hardly be the work of Marlowe; in fact, we know from the business diary of Philip Henslowe, the actor-manager, that he paid William Birde and Samuel Rowley £4, in 1602, for additions to *Faustus*. It is generally supposed that these were the additions which appear in the 1616 edition. Marlowe, therefore, ought not to be held responsible for the dull coarseness that some editors of the play still reprint under his name. Even the first extant edition, that of 1604, contains matter that Marlowe could not have written: e.g. the reference in iv. 4 to Dr. Lopez, who only rose into notoriety in 1594, the year after Marlowe's death.

V. FIRST PERFORMANCE OF *FAUSTUS*.

§ 15. The play was probably performed in the same year as it was written,—1588 or the beginning of 1589. It was acted by the ‘Lord Admiral’s Servants,’—that is, the dramatic company which performed under the patronage, though not directly in the pay, of the Lord Admiral, the Earl of Nottingham, formerly Lord Howard of Effingham. This company, one of several at the time, played at the Curtain Theatre in Shoreditch,—the Puritanical City of London not allowing theatres within its bounds. The play long remained a favourite on the stage.

§ 16. *Dr. Faustus*, being one of our earliest plays, bears many marks of the primitive elements from which the romantic drama was evolved.

(a) Miracle Play characteristics :

The appearance of devils : i. 4, ii. 1 and 2, v. 2 and 3.

The Chorus, introducing the story (i. 1), filling up gaps in the narrative (iii. 1, iv. 1), and closing the play with a solemn moral.

(b) Morality characteristics :

The Good and Evil Angels ; i. 1, 68, etc.

The Seven Deadly Sins: ii. 2, 100, note.

The Dumb Show: ii. 1, iv. 3, v. 1.

- (c) The Clownage Scenes (§ 13), in which much room was left for 'gagging' or improvisation on the part of the actors (*e.g.* iv. 2, 12).

The text of the play is in a very unsatisfactory state, as might be expected from the fact that it was not printed till long after Marlowe's death. See note on ii. 1, 83.

VI. MARLOWE'S BLANK VERSE.

§ 17. Since Sackville and Norton's *Gorboduc* (§ 5), blank verse had been accepted, save by a few perverse and jealous critics like Greene (§ 6), as the best medium for the higher kind of drama, combining as it did a rhythmic force and melody that had not yet been fully developed, freedom from the artificial fetters of rime, and as near an approximation as any form of verse can make to the natural flow and rhythm of ordinary dialogue. The metre, which at first was no more than Chaucer's heroic line of five iambs, but without rime, was introduced into English poetry from Italian models by the Earl of Surrey,—beheaded by Henry VIII. in 1547. He translated part of Virgil's *Aeneid* in

blank verse,—not, of course, equal in its rude beginning to the musical and stately measure that it became later in the hands of Marlowe, Shakespeare, and Milton, but still effective enough to vindicate its right of adoption into our language.

§ 18. Blank Verse is technically known as unrimed iambic pentameter,—i.e. a ten-syllable line with five stresses, falling on the *even* syllables :

‘In courts of Kings, where state is overturn’d.’

Such a line is said to consist of five iambic feet.

(a) A foot, in English prosody, is a group of either two or three syllables, one of which bears a stress (‘) and the others do not. Rarely, a foot may have two stresses, or none.

(b) Disyllabic feet: the Trochee; gainful.
the Iambic: again.
the Spondee: úp róse.

(c) A foot without a stress is called a Pyrrhic :

‘Not marching now in fields of Thrasy mene.’

Here the line has only four stresses, the last foot being unstressed,—a pyrrhic.

(d) A Spondee or double-stressed foot is found only after a trochee or pyrrhic :

‘That the | póor héart | would fain deny, but dare not.’

(e) Trisyllabic feet are rarely met with in

blank verse; feet apparently trisyllabic may usually be accounted for by slurring or elision: see i. 1, 55, note.

§ 19. Variety of rhythm is given to the Iambic Pentameter

- (1) By the use of trochees, especially at the beginning of a line, or after a pause:

'Nót in the pomp | of proud audacious deeds,'

'Háving comménced, | bé a divíne | in show.'

- (2) By the double or feminine ending,—an unstressed syllable or sometimes even two unstressed syllables (extra-metrical or hypermeter, as they are called) at the end of the line.

'I come to bury Caesar, not to praise | him.'

Double endings of this sort are very rare in Surrey's blank verse, and not at all common in Marlowe. Shakespeare uses them sparingly in his early plays, when he was still under Marlowe's influence (§ 20), but with increasing frequency in the later ones.

Extra-metrical syllables are found not only at the end of a line, but after the pause:

'To say King Rich | ard : | alack, the heavy day !'

- (3) It is on the position of the pause that variety of rhythm in blank verse chiefly depends. The pause may come after *any* syllable, but generally after the fourth or sixth; and in the hands of Shakespeare and Milton its position is most skilfully varied. In this respect they improved even upon 'Marlowe's mighty line.'¹
- (4) One important point in which Marlowe's blank verse was so superior to that of his predecessors, was in the free use of 'run-on' lines: *i.e.* instead of each line ending with a pause, as it usually did in Lord Surrey's translations and in *Gorboduc*,—with a very monotonous effect,—Marlowe made the sense continuous for a whole paragraph. [The monotony of the early 'end-stopt' lines was increased by the fact that the sense rarely ran on beyond the second line.]

¹ Ben Jonson's phrase, in his lines on the Memory of Shakespeare.

VII. MARLOWE AND SHAKESPEARE.

§ 20. Besides the plays (1, 2, 3 *Henry VI.*, *Titus Andronicus*) in which Marlowe and Shakespeare are believed to have collaborated (§ 10), the influence of the former may plainly be traced in *Richard III.*, written probably in 1593, the year of Marlowe's death. In all his tragedies Marlowe eschews rime and adheres to blank verse, over which he acquired a constantly increasing mastery.

Shakespeare, on the other hand, was evidently fond of rime in his early plays (*e.g.*, *Love's Labour's Lost*). Under Marlowe's influence, he represses this tendency in *Richard III.*, which contains comparatively little rime: when that influence was removed, he returned, in *Richard II.*, to his (at that time) more congenial manner. In his later plays Shakespeare makes less and less use of rime, but gradually adopts a less severe type of the iambic line than Marlowe uses (§ 19).

As a dramatist, Shakespeare is immeasurably superior to Marlowe, as to all other writers, in wide and deep knowledge of human nature, in subtle delineation of character, especially of female character, and in humour. In the last quality, indeed,

Marlowe is entirely lacking. His characters are drawn in bold outline, each being the type of some dominant passion (§ 8) carried to an extreme, and portrayed, in striking situations and violent scenes, with a sweeping vehemence of rhetoric. But he seldom attempts to represent the mingled strands of good and evil that go to make up human nature, and which no one has ever unravelled with so sure a touch as Shakespeare. Compare, for instance, *Edward II.* and *Richard II.* (§ 10). As a play, the former is *perhaps* the better constructed: but the character of Richard is drawn with an art that Marlowe cannot rival.

THE DEATH OF MARLOWE.

Until recently Marlowe's death was believed, chiefly on the authority of Deptford Church Register, to have been due to a drunken brawl in which he was stabbed by a serving-man named Francis Archer. Some few years ago, however, an American scholar, Dr. Hotson of Harvard, found conclusive evidence in the Record Office and other sources that Marlowe had been assassinated on political grounds by a certain Ingram Frizer, both being 'secret service men.' Frizer received the Queen's pardon (still extant) June 23, 1593,—the murder having been committed May 30. See *The Death of Christopher Marlowe*: by J. Leslie Hotson: Nonesuch Press, 1925.

**THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF
DOCTOR FAUSTUS.**

[From the Quarto of 1604.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE POPE.	Scholars, Friars, and
CARDINAL OF LORRAINE.	Attendants.
THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.	DUCHESS OF VANHOLT.
DUKE OF VANHOLT.	LUCIFER.
FAUSTUS.	BELZEBUB.
VALDES, } <i>friends to</i>	MEPHISTOPHILIS.
CORNELIUS, } FAUSTUS.	Good Angel.
WAGNER, <i>servant to FAUSTUS.</i>	Evil Angel.
Clown.	The Seven Deadly Sins.
ROBIN.	Devils.
RALPH.	Spirits in the shapes of ALEX-
Vintner.	ANDER THE GREAT, of his
Horse-Courser.	Paramour, and of HELEN.
A Knight.	Chorus.
An Old Man.	

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

Enter CHORUS.

Cho. Not marching now in fields of Thrasymene
Where Mars did mate the Carthaginians ;
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In courts of kings, where state is overturn'd,
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our Muse to vaunt his heavenly verse :
Only this, gentlemen, — we must perform
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad.
To patient judgments we appeal our plaud,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy. 10
Now is he born, his parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes :
Of riper years, to Wertenberg he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So soon he profits in divinity,
The fruitful plot of scholarism grac'd,
That shortly he was grac'd with doctor's name,
Excelling all whose sweet delight disputes
In heavenly matters of theology ;
Till swoln with cunning, of a self-conceit, 20
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,

And, melting, heavens conspir'd his overthrow ;
 For, falling to a devilish exercise,
 And glutted now with learning's golden gifts,
 He surfeits upon cursèd necromancy ;
 Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
 Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss :
 And this the man that in his study sits.

[Exit.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

FAUSTUS *discovered in his study.*

Faust. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
 To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess :
 Having commenc'd, be a divine in shew,
 Yet level at the end of every art,
 And live and die in Aristotle's works.
 Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravish'd me !
Bene disserere est finis logices.
 Is, to dispute well, logic's chiefest end ?
 Affords this art no greater miracle ?
 Then read no more ; thou hast attain'd that end : 10
 A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit :
 Bid Oncaymaeon farewell, Galen come :
 Seeing, *Ubi desinit philosophus, ibi incipit medicus :*
 Be a physician, Faustus ; heap up gold,
 And be eterniz'd for some wondrous cure.
Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas,
 The end of physic is our body's health.
 Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end ?
 Is not thy common talk sound aphorisms ?

Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,
And thousand desperate maladies been eas'd?
Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.

Couldst thou make men to live eternally,
Or, being dead, raise them to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteem'd.
Physic, farewell! Where is Justinian?

[Reads.

*Si una eademque res legatur duobus, alter rem,
Alter valorem rei, etc.*

A pretty case of paltry legacies!

[Reads.

Echærolitare filium non potest pater, nisi, etc.

31

Such is the subject of the institute,

And universal body of the law:

This study fits a mercenary drudge,

Who aims at nothing but external trash;

Too servile and illiberal for me.

When all is done, divinity is best:

Jerome's Bible, Faustus; view it well.

[Reads.

Stipendium peccati mors est: Ha! Stipendium,

The reward of sin is death: that's hard.

[Reads.

Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas; 41

If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and
there is no truth in us.

Why, then, belike we must sin, and so consequently die:

Ay, we must die an everlasting death.

What doctrine call you this, *Che sera, sera,—*

What will be, shall be? Divinity, adieu!

These metaphysics of magicians,

And necromantic books are heavenly;

Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters;

Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.

50

O, what a world of profit and delight,
 Of power, of honour, of omnipotence,
 Is promis'd to the studious artizan!
 All things that move between the quiet poles
 Shall be at my command: emperors and kings
 Are but obey'd i' their sev'ral provinces,
 Nor can they raise the wind or rend the clouds;
 But his dominion that exceeds in this,
 Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man;
 A sound magician is a mighty god: 60
 Here, Faustus, tire thy brains to gain a deity.

Enter WAGNER.

Faust. Wagner, commend me to my dearest friends,
 The German Valdes and Cornelius;
 Request them earnestly to visit me.

Wag. I will, sir. [Exit.

Faust. Their conference will be a greater help to me
 Than all my labours, plod I ne'er so fast.

Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL.

Good Ang. O, Faustus, lay that damnèd book aside,
 And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy soul,
 And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head! 70
 Read, read the Scriptures:—that is blasphemy.

Evil Ang. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art
 Wherein all Nature's treasure is contain'd:
 Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,
 Lord and commander of these elements. [Exit Angels.

Faust. How am I glutted with conceit of this!
 Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
 Resolve me of all ambiguities,

Perform what desperate enterprise I will ?
I'll have them fly to India for gold, 80
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates ;
I'll have them read me strange philosophy,
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings ;
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And make swift Rhine circle fair Wertenberg ;
I'll have them fill the public schools with silk,
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad ;
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring, 90
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,
And reign sole king of all the provinces ;
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war,
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge,
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

Enter VALDES and CORNELIUS.

Come, German Valdes, and Cornelius,
And make me blest with your sage conference.
Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last
To practise magic and conceal'd arts : 100
Yet not your words only, but mine own fantasy,
That will receive no object ; for my head
But ruminates on necromantic skill.
Philosophy is odious and obscure ;
Both law and physic are for petty wits ;
Divinity is basest of the three,
Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and vile :
'Tis magic, magic, that hath ravish'd me.

Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt ;
And I, that have with concise syllogisms 110
Gravell'd the pastors of the German church
And made the flowering pride of Wertenberg
Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits
On sweet Musæus when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadows made all Europe honour him.

Val. Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience,
Shall make all nations to canonize us.
As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords,
So shall the spirits of every element 120
Be always serviceable to us three ;
Like lions shall they guard us when we please ;
Like Almain rutters with their horsemen's staves,
Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides ;
Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have the white breasts of the Queen of Love :
From Venice shall they drag huge argosies,
And from America the golden fleece
That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury, 130
If learnèd Faustus will be resolute.

Faust. Valdes, as resolute am I in this
As thou to live : therefore object it not.

Corn. The miracles that magic will perform
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
He that is groundèd in astrology,
Enrich'd with tongues, well seen in minerals,
Hath all the principles magic doth require :
Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renown'd,
And more frequented for this mystery 140

Than heretofore the Delphian oracle.
The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,
And fetch the treasure of all foreign wrecks,
Ay, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
Within the massy entrails of the earth :
Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want ?

Faust. Nothing, Cornelius. O, this cheers my soul !
Come, shew me some demonstrations magical,
That I may conjure in some lusty grove,
And have these joys in full possession. 150

Val. Then haste thee to some solitary grove,
And bear wise Bacon's and Albertus' works,
The Hebrew Psalter, and New Testament ;
And whatsoever else is requisite
We will inform thee ere our conference cease.

Corn. Valdes, first let him know the words of art ;
And then, all other ceremonies learn'd,
Faustus may try his cunning by himself.

Val. First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter than I. 160

Faust. Then come and dine with me, and after meat,
We'll canvass every quiddity thereof ;
For, ere I sleep, I'll try what I can do :
This night I'll conjure, though I die therefore. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. BEFORE FAUSTUS' HOUSE.

Enter two SCHOLARS.

First Schol. I wonder what's become of Faustus, that
was wont to make our schools ring with *sic probo*.

Sec. Schol. That shall we know ; for see, here comes
his boy.

Enter WAGNER.

First Schol. How now, sirrah ! where's thy master ?

Wag. God in heaven knows.

Sec. Schol. Why, dost not thou know ?

Wag. Yes, I know ; but that follows not.

First Schol. Go to, sirrah ! leave your jesting, and tell us where he is. 10

Wag. That follows not necessary by force of argument, that you, being licentiates, should stand upon : therefore acknowledge your error, and be attentive.

Sec. Schol. Why, didst thou not say thou knewest ?

Wag. Have you any witness on't ?

First Schol. Yes, sirrah, I heard you.

Wag. Ask my fellow if I be a thief.

Sec. Schol. Well, you will not tell us ? 18

Wag. Yes, sir, I will tell you : yet, if you were not dunces, you would never ask me such a question ; for is not he *corpus naturale* ? and is not that *mobile* ? then wherefore should you ask me such a question ? But that I am by nature phlegmatic, slow to wrath, and prone to love, it were not for you to come within forty foot of the place of execution, although I do not doubt but to see you both hanged the next sessions. Thus having triumphed over you, I will set my countenance like a precisian, and begin to speak thus :—Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner, with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine, if it could speak, would inform your worships : and so, the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren, my dear brethren ! *[Exit.]*

First Schol. Nay, then, I fear he is fallen into that

damned art for which they two are infamous through the world. 36

Sec. Schol. Were he a stranger, and not allied to me, yet should I grieve for him. But, come, let us go and inform the Rector, and see if he by his grave counsel can reclaim him. 40

First Schol. O, but I fear me nothing can reclaim him!

Sec. Schol. Yet let us try what we can do. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. IN A GROVE.

Enter FAUSTUS.

Faust. Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth,
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
Leaps from th' antarctic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
Faustus, begin thine incantations,
And try if devils will obey thy hest,
Seeing thou hast pray'd and sacrific'd to them.
Within this circle is Jehovah's name,
Forward and backward anagrammatiz'd,
The breviated names of holy saints, 10
Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,
And characters of signs and erring stars,
By which the spirits are enforc'd to rise:
Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute,
And try the uttermost magic can perform.—

*Sint mihi dei Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex
Jehove! Ignei, aerii, aquatani spiritus, salve! Orientis
princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha. et Demogorgon,
propitiamus vos, ut appareat et surgat Mephistophilis: quid
tu moraris? Per Jehovah, Gehennam, et consecratam aquam*

quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus Mephistophilis!

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

I charge thee to return, and change thy shape; 23
Thou art too ugly to attend on me:
Go, and return an old Franciscan friar;
That holy shape becomes a devil best.

[Exit Mephistophilis.]

I see there's virtue in my heavenly words:
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How pliant is this Mephistophilis,
Full of obedience and humility! 30
Such is the force of magic and my spells:
Now, Faustus, thou art conjuror laureat,
That canst command great Mephistophilis:
Quin regis Mephistophilis f'atris imagine.

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS (like a Franciscan friar).

Meph. Now, Faustus, what wouldst thou have me do?

Faust. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,
To do whatever Faustus shall command,
Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,
Or the ocean to overwhelm the world.

Meph. I am a servant to great Lucifer, 40
And may not follow thee without his leave:
No more than he commands must we perform.

Faust. Did not he charge thee to appear to me?

Meph. No, I came hither of mine own accord.

Faust. Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee? *speak.*

Meph. That was the cause, but yet *per accidens*:
For, when we hear one rack the name of God,

Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ,
We fly, in hope to get his glorious soul ;
Nor will we come, unless he use such means
Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd.
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring
Is stoutly to abjure the Trinity,
And pray devoutly to the prince of Hell.

50

Faust. So Faustus hath

Already done ; and holds this principle,
There is no chief but only Belzebub ;
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
This word "damnation" terrifies not him,
For he confounds hell in Elysium :
His ghost be with the old philosophers !
But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,
Tell me what is that Lucifer, thy Lord ?

60

Meph. Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

Faust. Was not that Lucifer an angel once ?

Meph. Yes, Faustus, and most dearly lov'd of God.

Faust. How comes it, then, that he is prince of devils ?

Meph. O, by aspiring pride and insolence ;
For which God threw him from the face of heaven.

Faust. And what are you that live with Lucifer ?

70

Meph. Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,
Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever damn'd with Lucifer.

Faust. Where are you damn'd ?

Meph. In hell.

Faust. How comes it, then, that thou art out of hell ?

Meph. Why this is hell, nor am I out of it :
Think'st thou that I, who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,

Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss? 80
O Faustus, leave these frivolous demands,
Which strike a terror to my fainting soul!

Faust. What, is great Mephistophilis so passionate
For being deprived of the joys of heaven?
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.
Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer:
Seeing Faustus hath incurr'd eternal death
By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity,
Say, he surrenders up to him his soul, 90
So he will spare him four and twenty years,
Letting him live in all voluptuousness;
Having thee ever to attend on me,
To give me whatsoever I shall ask,
To tell me whatsoever I demand,
To slay mine enemies, and aid my friends,
And always be obedient to my will.
Go and return to mighty Lucifer,
And meet me in my study at midnight,
And then resolve me of thy master's mind. 100

Meph. I will, Faustus.

[*Exit.*

Faust. Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.
By him I'll be great emperor of the world,
And make a bridge thorough the moving air,
To pass the ocean with a band of men;
I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,
And make that country continent to Spain,
And both contributory to my crown:
The Emperor shall not live but by my leave, 110

Nor any potentate of Germany.
Now that I have obtain'd what I desire,
I'll live in speculation of this art,
Till Mephistophilis return again. [Exit.

SCENE IV. IN A STREET.

Enter WAGNER and CLOWN.

Wag. Sirrah, boy, come hither.

Clown. How, boy! swowns, boy! I hope you have seen many boys with such pickadevaunts as I have: boy, quotha!

Wag. Tell me, sirrah, hast thou any comings in?

Clown. Ay, and goings out too; you may see else.

Wag. Alas, poor slave! see how poverty jesteth in his nakedness! the villain is bare and out of service. and so hungry, that I know he would give his soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though it were blood-raw. 10

Clown. How! my soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though 'twere blood-raw! not so, good friend; by'r lady, I had need have it well roasted, and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear.

Wag. Well, wilt thou serve me, and I'll make thee go like *Qui mihi discipulus*?

Clown. How, in verse?

Wag. No, sirrah; in beaten silk and staves-acre.
Hold, take these guilders. [Gives money.

Clown. Gridirons! what be they? 20

Wag. Why, French crowns.

Clown. Mass, but for the name of French crowns, a man were as good have as many English counters. And what should I do with these?

Wag. Why, now, sirrah, thou art at an hour's warning, whensoever or wheresoever the devil shall fetch thee.

Clown. No, no ; here, take your gridirons again.

Wag. Truly, I'll none of them.

Clown. Truly, but you shall.

Wag. Bear witness, I gave them him. 30

Clown. Bear witness, I give them you again.

Wag. Well, I will cause two devils presently to fetch thee away—Baliol and Belcher !

Clown. Let your Balio and your Belcher come here, and I'll knock them, they were never so knocked since they were devils : say I should kill one of them, what would folks say ? “Do ye see yonder tall fellow in the round elop ? he has killed the devil.” So I should be called Kill-devil all the parish over.

Enter two DEVILS ; and the CLOWN runs up and down crying.

Wag. Baliol and Belcher,—spirits, away ! 40

[Exeunt Devils.]

Clown. What, are they gone ? a vengeance on them ! they have vile long nails. There was a he-devil and a she-devil : I'll tell you how you shall know them ; all he-devils has horns, and all she-devils has cloven feet.

Wag. Well, sirrah, follow me.

Clown. But, do you hear ? if I should serve you, would you teach me to raise up Banios and Belcheos ?

Wag. I will teach thee to turn thyself to anything, to a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or anything. 49

Clown. How ! a Christian fellow to a dog, or a cat, a mouse, or a rat ! No, no, sir ; if you turn me into anything, let it be in the likeness of a little pretty frisk-

ing flea, that I may be here and there and everywhere :
I'll tickle the pretty wenches ! I'll be amongst them,
i' faith !

Wag. Well, sirrah, come.

Clown. But, do you hear, Wagner ?

Wag. How !—Baliol and Belcher !

Clown. O Lord ! I pray, sir, let Banio and Belcher go
sleep. 60

Wag. Villain, call me Master Wagner, and let thy left
eye be diametarily fixed upon my right heel, with *quasi*
vestigias nostras insistere. [*Exit.*]

Clown. God forgive me, he speaks Dutch fustian.
Well, I'll follow him ; I'll serve him, that's flat. [*Exit*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

FAUSTUS *discovered in his Study.*

Faust. Now, Faustus, must
Thou needs be damn'd, and canst thou not be sav'd.
What boots it, then, to think of God or heaven ?
Away with such vain fancies, and despair ;
Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub :
Now go not backward ; no, Faustus, be resolute :
Why waver'st thou ? O, something sounds in mine
ears,
" Abjure this magic, turn to God again !"
Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again.
To God ? He loves thee not ; 10
The god thou serv'st is thine own appetite,
Wherein is fix'd the love of Belzebub :

To him I'll build an altar and a church,
And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL.

Good Ang. Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

Faust. Contrition, prayer, repentance—what of them?

Good Ang. O, they are means to bring thee unto
heaven!

Evil Ang. Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,
That make men foolish that do trust them most.

Good Ang. Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and
heavenly things. 20

Evil Ang. No, Faustus; think of honour and of
wealth. [*Exeunt Angels.*]

Faust. Of wealth!

Why, the signiory of Embden shall be mine.
When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,
What God can hurt thee, Faustus? Thou art safe.
Cast no more doubts.—Come, Mephistophilis,
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer;—
Is't not midnight?—Come, Mephistophilis,
Veni, veni, Mephistophile.

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Now tell me what saith Lucifer, thy lord? 30

Meph. That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,
So he will buy my service with his soul.

Faust. Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

Meph. But, Faustus, thou must bequeath it solemnly,
And write a deed of gift with thine own blood;
For that security craves great Lucifer.
If thou deny it, I will back to hell.

Faust. Stay, Mephistophilis, and tell me, what good
Will my soul do thy Lord?

Meph. • Enlarge his kingdom.

Faust. Is that the reason why he tempts us thus? 40

Meph. *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*

Faust. Why, have you any pain that torture others?

Meph. As great as have the human souls of men.

But, tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?

And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee,

And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.

Faust. Ay, Mephistophilis, I give it thee.

Meph. Then, Faustus, stab thine arm courageously,

And bind thy soul, that at some certain day

Great Lucifer may claim it as his own; 50

And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

Faust. [*Stabbing his arm.*] Lo, Mephistophilis, for love
of thee,

I cut mine arm, and with my proper blood

Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's,

Chief lord and regent of perpetual night!

View here the blood that trickles from mine arm,

And let it be propitious for my wish.

Meph. But, Faustus, thou must

Write it in manner of a deed of gift.

Faust. Ay, so I will. [*Writes.*] But, Mephistophilis, 60

My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

Meph. I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight. [*Exit.*

Faust. What might the staying of my blood portend?

Is it unwilling I should write this bill?

Why streams it not, that I may write afresh?

Faustus gives thee his soul: ah, there it stay'd!

Why should'st thou not? is not thy soul thine own?
Then write again, *Faustus gives thee his soul.*

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with a chafer of coals.

Meph. Here's fire; come, Faustus, set it on.

Faust. So, now the blood begins to clear again; 70
Now will I make an end immediately [Writes.

Meph. O, what will not I do to obtain his soul?
[Aside.

Faust. Consummatum est, this bill is ended
And Faustus hath bequeathed his soul to Lucifer.
But what is this inscription on mine arm?

Homo, fuge: whither should I fly?

If unto God, he'll throw me down to hell.

My senses are deceiv'd, here's nothing writ:—

I see it plain; here in this place is writ,

Homo, fuge: yet shall not Faustus fly. 80

Meph. I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind.
[Aside, and then exit.

*Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with DEVILS, who give crowns
and rich apparel to FAUSTUS, dance, and then depart.*

Faust. Speak, Mephistophilis, what means this show?

Meph. Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind
withal,

And to shew thee what magic can perform.

Faust. But may I raise up spirits when I please?

Meph. Ay, Faustus, and do greater things than
these.

Faust. Then there's enough for a thousand souls.
Here, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll,
A deed of gift of body and of soul:

But yet conditionally that thou perform 90
All articles prescrib'd between us both.

Meph. Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer
To effect all promises between us made.

Faust. Then hear me read them. [*Reads.*] *On these conditions following. First, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and substance. Secondly, that Mephistophilis shall be his servant, and at his command. Thirdly, that Mephistophilis shall do for him, and bring him whatsoever he desires. Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house invisible. Lastly, that he shall appear to the said John Faustus, at all times, in what form or shape soever he please. I, John Faustus of Wertenberg, Doctor, by these presents, do give both body and soul to Lucifer, prince of the East, and his minister Mephistophilis; and furthermore grant unto them, that, twenty-four years being expired, the articles above written inviolate, full power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus, body and soul, flesh, blood, or goods, into their habitation wheresoever. By me, John Faustus.*

Meph. Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed?

Faust. Ay, take it, and the devil give thee good
on't. 110

Meph. Now, Faustus, ask what thou wilt.

Faust. First will I question with thee about hell.
Tell me, where is the place that men call hell?

Meph. Under the heavens.

Faust. Ay, but whereabouts?

Meph. Within the bowels of these elements,
Where we are tortur'd and remain for ever :
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd
In one self place ; for where we are is hell,

And where hell is, there must we ever be :

And, to conclude, when all the world dissolves, 120

And every creature shall be purified, *

All places shall be hell that are not heaven.

Faust. Come, I think hell's a fable.

Meph. Ay, think so still, till experience change thy mind.

Faust. Why, think'st thou, then, that Faustus shall be damned ?

Meph. Ay, of necessity, for here's the scroll
Wherein thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.

Faust. Ay, and body too : but what of that ?
Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond to imagine
That, after this life, there is any pain ? 130
Tush, these are trifles and mere old wives' tales.

Meph. But, Faustus, I am an instance to prove the
contrary,
For I am damnèd, and am now in hell.

Faust. How ! Now in hell ! Nay, [Mephistophilis,]
An this be hell, I'll willingly be damnèd ;
What ! sleeping, eating, walking, and disputing !
But, leaving off this, let me have a wife,
The fairest maid [that is] in Germany ;
I cannot live without a wife.

Meph. A wife !
I prithee, Faustus, talk not of a wife. 140

Faust. Nay, sweet Mephistophilis, fetch me one ;
For I will have one.

Meph. Well, thou wilt have one ? Sit there till I come ;
I'll fetch thee a wife in the devil's name. [Exit.]

*Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with a DEVIL, drest like a woman,
with fireworks.*

Meph. Tell me, Faustus, how dost thou like thy wife?

Faust. A plague on her!

Meph. Tut, Faustus,

Marriage is but a ceremonial toy;

If thou lovest me, think no more of it.

She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have, 156

Be she as chaste as was Penelope,

As wise as Saba, or as beautiful

As was bright Lucifer before his fall.

Hold, take this book, peruse it thoroughly: [*Gives book.*

The iterating of these lines brings gold;

The framing of this circle on the ground

Brings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder, and lightning;

Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,

And men in armour shall appear to thee,

Ready to execute what thou desir'st.

160

Faust. Thanks, Mephistophilis: yet fain would I have
a book wherein I might behold all spells and incantations
that I might raise up spirits when I please.

Meph. Here they are in this book. [*Turns to them.*

Faust. Now would I have a book where I might see
all characters and planets of the heavens, that I might
know their motions and dispositions.

Meph. Here they are too. [*Turns to them.*

Faust. Nay, let me have one book more,—and then I
have done,—wherein I might see all plants, herbs, and
trees, that grow upon the earth. 171

Meph. Here they be.

Faust. O, thou art deceived.

Meph. Tut, I warrant thee.

[*Turns to them.*

SCENE II. IN FAUSTUS' HOUSE.

Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Faust. When I behold the heavens, then I repent,
And curse thee, wicked Mephistophilis,
Because thou hast depriv'd me of those joys.

Meph. Why, Faustus,
Thinkest thou heaven is such a glorious thing?
I tell thee, 'tis not half so fair as thou,
Or any man that breathes on earth.

Faust. How prov'st thou that?

Meph. 'Twas made for man, therefore is man more
excellent.

Faust. If it were made for man, 'twas made for me;
I will renounce this magic, and repent. 11

Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL.

Good Ang. Faustus, repent; yet God will pity thee.

Evil Ang. Thou art a spirit; God cannot pity thee.

Faust. Who buzzeth in mine ears I am a spirit?

Be I a devil, yet God may pity me;

Ay, God will pity me, if I repent.

Evil Ang. Ay, but Faustus never shall repent.

[*Exeunt Angels.*]

Faust. My heart's so harden'd I cannot repent;
Scarce can I name salvation. faith, or heaven,
But fearful echoes thunder in mine ears 20
"Faustus, thou art damn'd!" Then swords, and knives,
Poison, guns, halters, and envenom'd steel
Are laid before me to despatch myself;

And long ere this I should have slain myself,
Had not sweet pleasure conquer'd deep despair.
Have not I made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's love, and Œnon's death?
And hath not he, that built the walls of Thebes,
With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephistophilis?
Why should I die, then, or basely despair?
I am resolv'd; Faustus shall ne'er repent.—
Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again,
And argue of divine astrology.

30

Tell me, are there many heavens above the moon?
Are all celestial bodies but one globe,
As is the substance of this centric earth?

Meph. As are the elements, such are the spheres,
Mutually folded in each other's orb,
And, Faustus,

40

All jointly move upon one axletree,
Whose terminine is termed the world's wide pole:
Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter
Feign'd, but are erring stars.

Faust. But, tell me, have they all one motion, both
situ et tempore?

Meph. All jointly move from east to west in twenty-
four hours upon the poles of the world; but differ in
their motion upon the poles of the zodiac.

Faust. Tush,

50

These slender trifles Wagner can decide:
Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill?
Who knows not the double motion of the planets?
The first is finish'd in a natural day;
The second thus; as Saturn in thirty years, Jupiter in

twelve; Mars in four; the Sun, Venus, and Mercury in a year; the Moon in twenty-eight days. Tush, these are freshmen's suppositions. But, tell me, hath every sphere a dominion or *intelligentia*?

Meph. Ay. 60

Faust. How many heavens or spheres are there?

Meph. Nine; the seven planets, the firmament, and the empyreal heaven.

Faust. Well, resolve me in this question; why have we not conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at one time, but in some years we have more, in some less?

Meph. *Per inæqualem motum respectu totius.*

Faust. Well, I am answered. Tell me who made the world?

Meph. I will not. 70

Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.

Meph. Move me not, for I will not tell thee.

Faust. Villain, have not I bound thee to tell me anything?

Meph. Ay, that is not against our kingdom; but this is. Think thou on hell, Faustus, for thou art damned.

Good. Ang. Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world.

Meph. Remember this. [Exit. 80

Faust. Ay! go, accursèd spirit, to ugly hell!
'Tis thou hast damn'd distress'd Faustus' soul!
Is't not too late?

Re-enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL.

Evil Ang. Too late.

Good Ang. Never too late, if Faustus can repent.

Evil Ang. If thou repent, devils shall tear thee in pieces.

Good Ang. Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin. {
Exeunt Angels.

Faust. Ah, Christ, my Saviour,
Seek to save distressed Faustus' soul !

Enter LUCIFER, BELZEBUB, and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Luc. Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just :
There's none but I have interest in the same.

Faust. O, who art thou that look'st so terrible ?

Luc. I am Lucifer ; 20

And this is my companion-prince in Hell.

Faust. O, Faustus, they are come to fetch thy soul !

Luc. We come to tell thee thou dost injure us ;
Thou talk'st of Christ, contrary to thy promise :
Thou shouldst not think of God : think of the devil,
[*Belz.*] And of his dam too.

Faust. Nor will I henceforth : pardon me in this,
And Faustus vows never to look to heaven,
Never to name God, or to pray to him,
To burn his Scriptures, slay his ministers, 100
And make my spirits pull his churches down.

Luc. Do so, and we will highly gratify thee. Faustus,
we are come from hell to shew thee some pastime : sit
down, and thou shalt see all the Seven Deadly Sins
appear in their proper shapes.

Faust. That sight will be as pleasing unto me,
As Paradise was to Adam, the first day
Of his creation.

Luc. Talk not of Paradise nor creation ; but mark this
show : talk of the devil and nothing else.—Come
away ! 111

Enter the SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

Now, Faustus, examine them of their several names and dispositions.

Faust. What art thou, the first?

Pride. I am Pride: I disdain to have any parents. I am like Ovid's flea; I can creep into every corner. Sometimes, like a perriwig, I sit upon a wench's brow; or, like a fan of feathers, I kiss her lips. But, fie, what a scent is here? I'll not speak another word except the ground were perfumed, and covered with cloth of arras.

Faust. What art thou, the second? 121

Covet. I am Covetousness, begotten of an old churl: and, might I have my wish, I would desire that this house and all the people in it were turned to gold, that I might lock you up in my good chest. O, my sweet gold!

Faust. What art thou, the third?

Wrath. I am Wrath; I had neither father nor mother: I leapt out of a lion's mouth when I was scarce half-an-hour old; and ever since I have run up and down the world with this case of rapiers, wounding myself when I had nobody to fight withal. I was born in hell; and look to it, for some of you shall be my father. 133

Faust. What art thou, the fourth?

Envy. I am Envy, begotten of a chimney-sweeper and an oyster-wife. I cannot read, and therefore wish all books were burnt. I am lean with seeing others eat. O, that there would come a famine through all the world, that all might die, and I live alone! Then thou shouldst see how fat I would be. But must thou sit, and I stand? some down, with a vengeance! 141

Faust. Away, envious rascal!—What art thou, the fifth?

Glut. Who, I, sir? I am Gluttony. My parents are all dead, and the devil a penny they have left me; but a bare pension, and that is thirty meals a day and ten bevers,—a small trifle to suffice nature. O, I come of a royal parentage! my grandfather was a Gammon of Bacon, my grandmother a Hogshead of Claret-wine; my godfathers were these, Peter Pickle-herring and Martin Martlemas-beef; O, but my godmother, she was a jolly gentlewoman, and well-beloved in every good town and city; her name was Mistress Margery March-beer. Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all my progeny; wilt thou bid me to supper? 155

Faust. No, I'll see thee hanged; thou wilt eat up all my victuals.

Glut. Then the devil choke thee!

Faust. Choke thyself, glutton!—What art thou, the sixth? 160

Sloth. I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny bank, where I have lain ever since; and you have done me great injury to bring me from thence: let me be carried thither again by Gluttony and Lechery. I'll not speak another word for a king's ransom.

Faust. What are you, Mistress Minx, the seventh and last?

Lechery. Who, I, sir? The first letter of my name begins with L.

Luc. Away, to hell, to hell! [Exeunt the Sins.

Luc. Now, Faustus, how dost thou like this? 171

Faust. O, this feeds my soul!

Luc. Tut, Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight.

Faust. O, might I see hell, and return again,
How happy were I then !

Luc. Thou shalt ; I will send for thee at midnight.
In meantime take this book ; peruse it thoroughly,
And thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

Faust. Great thanks, mighty Lucifer !
This will I keep as chary as my life. 180

Luc. Farewell, Faustus, and think on the devil.

Faust. Farewell, great Lucifer.

[*Exeunt Lucifer and Belzebub.*

Come, Mephistophilia. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter CHORUS.

Cho. Learned Faustus,
To know the secrets of astronomy,
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,
Did mount himself to scale Olympus' top,
Being seated in a chariot burning bright,
Drawn by the strength of yoky dragons' necks.
[He views the clouds, the planets, and the stars,
The Tropic, Zones, and quarters of the sky,
From the bright circle of the horned moon
Even to the heights of Primum Mobile : 10
And whirling round with this circumference,
Within the concave compass of the Pole,
From East to West his dragons swiftly glide,
And in eight days did bring him home again.
Not long he stayed within his quiet house,
To rest his bones after his weary toil,
But new exploits do hale him out again ;

And mounted then upon a dragon's back,
That with his wings did part the subtle air,]
He now is gone to prove cosmography 20
[That measures coasts and kingdoms of the earth :]
And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his court,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
That to this day is highly solemniz'd. [Exit.

SCENE I. IN ROME.

Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Faust. Having now, my good Mephistophila,
Pass'd with delight the stately town of Trier,
Environ'd round with airy mountain-tops,
With walls of flint, and deep-entrenched lakes,
Not to be won by any conquering Prince ;
From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,
We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine,
Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines ;
Then up to Naples, rich Campania,
Whose buildings fair and gorgeous to the eye, 10
The streets straight forth, and pav'd with finest brick,
Quarter the town in four equivalents :
There saw we learned Maro's golden tomb,
The way he cut, an English mile in length,
Thorough a rock of stone, in one night's space.
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest,
In one of which a sumptuous temple stands,
That threatens the stars with her aspiring top.
Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time :
But tell me now, what resting-place is this ? 20

Hast thou, as erst I did command,
Conducted me within the walls of Rome ?

Meph. Faustus, I have ; and because we will not be
unprovided, I have taken up his Holiness' privy-chamber
for our use.

Faust. I hope his Holiness will bid us welcome.

Meph. Tut, 'tis no matter, man ; we'll be hold with
his good cheer.

And now, my Faustus, that thou mayst perceive
What Rome containeth to delight thee with,
Know that this city stands upon seven hills, 30
That underprop the groundwork of the same :
Just through the midst runs flowing Tiber's stream,
With winding banks that cut it in two parts ;
Over the which four stately bridges lean,
That make safe passage to each part of Rome.
Upon the bridge, call'd Ponte Angelo,
Erected is a castle passing strong,
Within whose walls such store of ordnance are,
And double cannons fram'd of carv'd brass,
As match the days within one complete year ; 40
Besides the gates, and high pyramides,
Which Julius Cæsar brought from Africa.

Faust. Now, by the kingdoms of infernal rule,
Of Styx, of Acheron, and the fiery lake
Of ever-burning Phlegethon, I swear
That I do long to see the monuments
And situation of bright-splendent Rome ;
Come, therefore, let's away.

Meph. Nay, Faustus, stay : I know you'd fain see the
Pope,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast, 50

Where thou shalt see a troop of bald-pate friars,
Whose *summum bonum* is in belly-cheer.

Faust. Well, I'm content to compass them some sport,
And by their folly make us merriment;
Then charm me, that I may be invisible
To do what I please,
Unseen of any whilst I stay in Rome.

[*Mephistophilis charms him.*]

Meph. So, Faustus; now
Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discern'd. 59

Sound a Sonnet. Enter the POPE and the CARDINAL OF LORRAINE to the banquet, with FRIARS attending.

Pope. My Lord of Lorraine, will't please you draw near?

Faust. Fall to, and the devil choke you, an you spare.

Pope. How now! who's that which spake? Friars look about.

First Friar. Here's nobody, if it like your Holiness.

Pope. My lord, here is a dainty dish was sent me from the Bishop of Milan.

Faust. I thank you, sir. [Snatches the dish.

Pope. How now! who's that which snatched the meat from me? will no man look?—My lord, this dish was sent me from the Cardinal of Florence.

Faust. You say true; I'll ha't. [Snatches the dish.

Pope. What, again!—My lord, I'll drink to your Grace. 70

Faust. I'll pledge your Grace. [Snatches the cup.

C. of Lor. My lord, it may be some ghost, newly crept out of Purgatory, come to beg a pardon of your Holiness.

Pope. It may be so.—Friars, prepare a dirge to lay the fury of this ghost.—Once again, my lord, fall to.

[The Pope crosses himself.]

Faust. What, are you crossing of yourself?
Well, use that trick no more, I would advise you.

[The Pope crosses himself again.]

Well, there's the second time. Aware the third;
I give you fair warning. 80

[The Pope crosses himself again, and Faustus hits him a box of the ear; and they all run away.]

Come on, Mephistophilis; what shall we do?

Meph. Nay, I know not: we shall be cursed with bell, book, and candle.

Faust. How! bell, book, and candle,—candle, book, and bell,—

Forward and backward, to curse Faustus to hell!
Anon you shall hear a hog grunt, a calf bleat, and an
ass bray,
Because it is Saint Peter's holiday.

Re-enter all the FRIARS to sing the Dirge.

First Friar. Come, brethren, let's about our business
with good devotion. *[They sing.]*
*Cursed be he that stole away his Holiness' meat from the
table! maledicat Dominus!*
Cursed be he that struck his Holiness a blow on the face!
maledicat Dominus! 90
Cursed be he that took Friar Sandelo a blow on the pate!
maledicat Dominus!
*Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy dirge! maledicat
Dominus!*

*Curs'd be he that took away his Holiness' wine ! maledicat
Dominus !*

» Et omnes Sancti ! Amen !

*[Mephistophilis and Faustus beat the Friars, and sling
fire-works among them ; and so exeunt.]*

ACT IV.

Enter CHORUS.

Cho. When Faustus had with pleasure ta'en the view
Of rarest things, and royal courts of kings,
He stay'd his course, and so returned home ;
Where such as bear his absence but with grief,
I mean his friends and near'st companions,
Did gratulate his safety with kind words,
And in their conference of what befell,
Touching his journey through the world and air,
They put forth questions of astrology,
Which Faustus answer'd with such learned skill 10
As they admir'd and wonder'd at his wit.
Now is his fame spread forth in every land ;
Amongst the rest the Emperor is one,
Carolus the Fifth, at whose palace now
Faustus is feasted 'mongst his noblemen.
What there he did, in trial of his art,
I leave untold ; your eyes shall see[t] perform'd.

[Exit.]

SCENE I. AN INN.

Enter ROBIN, the Ostler, with a book in his hand.

Robin. O, this is admirable ! here I ha' stolen one of
Doctor Faustus' conjuring books, and, i'faith, I mean to
search some circles for my own use.

Enter RALPH, calling ROBIN.

Ralph. Robin, prithee, come away; there's a gentleman tarries to have his horse, and he would have his things rubbed and made clean: he keeps such a chafing with my mistress about it; and she has sent me to look thee out; prithee, come away.

Robin. Keep out, keep out, or else you are blown up, you are dismembered, Ralph: keep out, for I am about a roaring piece of work. 11

Ralph. Come, what doest thou with that same book? thou canst not read?

Robin. Yes, my master and mistress shall find that I can read.

Ralph. Why, Robin, what book is that?

Robin. What book! why, the most intolerable book for conjuring that e'er was invented by any brimstone devil.

Ralph. Canst thou conjure with it? 20

Robin. I can do all these things easily with it; first, I can make thee drunk with ippocras at any tabern in Europe for nothing; that's one of my conjuring works.

Ralph. Our Master Parson says that's nothing.

Robin. True, Ralph: and more, Ralph, if thou hast any mind to Nan Spit, our kitchen-maid, thou shalt have her.

Ralph. O, brave, Robin! shall I have Nan Spit? On that condition I'll feed thy devil with horse-bread as long as he lives, of free cost. 29

Robin. No more, sweet Ralph: let's go and make clean our boots, which lie foul upon our hands, and then to our conjuring in the devil's name. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter ROBIN *and* RALPH *with a silver goblet.*

Robin. Come, Ralph! did not I tell thee, we were for ever made by this Doctor Faustus' book? *ecce, signum!* here's a simple purchase for horse-keepers; our horses shall eat no hay as long as this lasts.

Ralph. But, Robin, here comes the Vintner.

Robin. Hush! I'll gull him supernaturally.

Enter VINTNER.

Drawer, I hope all is paid; God be with you!—Come, Ralph.

Vint. Soft, sir; a word with you. I must yet have a goblet paid from you, ere you go. 10

Robin. I a goblet, Ralph, I a goblet!—I scorn you; and you are but a, &c. I a goblet! search me.

Vint. I mean so, sir, with your favour.

[*Searches Robin.*]

Robin. How say you now?

Vint. I must say somewhat to your fellow.—You, sir!

Ralph. Me, sir! me, sir! search your fill. [*Vintner searches him.*] Now, sir, you may be ashamed to burden honest men with a matter of truth. 18

Vint. Well, tone of you hath this goblet about you.

Robin. You lie, drawer, 'tis afore me [*Aside*].—Sirrah you, I'll teach you to impeach honest men;—stand by;—I'll scour you for a goblet:—stand aside you had best, I charge you in the name of Belzebub.—Look to the goblet, Ralph [*Aside to Ralph*].

Vint. What mean you, sirrah?

Robin. I'll tell you what I mean. [*Reads from a book.*]
Sanctobulorum Periphrasticon—nay, I'll tickle you, Vintner.
 —Look to the goblet, Ralph [*Aside to Ralph*].—[*Heads*]
Polypragmos Belseborams framanto pacostiphos tostu, Mephis-
tophilis, &c. 30

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS, sets squibs at their backs, and then
exit. They run about.

Vint. O, *nomine Domini!* what meanest thou, Robin?
 thou hast no goblet.

Ralph. *Peccatum peccatorum!*—Here's thy goblet, good
 Vintner. [*Gives the goblet to Vintner, who exit.*]

Robin. *Misericordia pro nobis!* what shall I do? Good
 devil, forgive me now, and I'll never rob thy library more.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Meph. Monarch of hell, under whose black survey
 Great potentates do kneel with awful fear,
 Upon whose altars thousand souls do lie,
 How am I vexèd with these villains' charms? 40
 From Constantinople am I hither come,
 Only for pleasure of these damnd slaves.

Robin. How, from Constantinople! you have had a
 great journey; will you take sixpence in your purse to
 pay for your supper, and be gone?

Meph. Well, villains, for your presumption, I trans-
 form thee into an ape, and thee into a dog; and so
 begone. [*Exit.*]

Robin. How, into an ape! that's brave: I'll have fine
 sport with the boys; I'll get nuts and apples enow. 50

Ralph. And I must be a dog.

Robin. I'faith, thy head will never be out of the pottage-pot. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. THE EMPEROR'S PALACE AT INNSBRUCK.

Enter EMPEROR, FAUSTUS, and a KNIGHT, with
ATTENDANTS.

Emp. Master Doctor Faustus, I have heard strange report of thy knowledge in the black art, how that none in my empire nor in the whole world can compare with thee, for the rare effects of magic: they say thou hast a familiar spirit, by whom thou canst accomplish what thou list. This, therefore, is my request, that thou let me see some proof of thy skill, that mine eyes may be witnesses to confirm what mine ears have heard reported: and here I swear to thee, by the honour of mine imperial crown, that, whatever thou doest, thou shalt be no ways prejudiced or endamaged. 11

Knight. I'faith, he looks much like a conjuror. [*Aside.*]

Faust. My gracious sovereign, though I must confess myself far inferior to the report men have published, and nothing answerable to the honour of your imperial majesty, yet, for that love and duty binds me thereunto, I am content to do whatsoever your majesty shall command me.

Emp. Then, Doctor Faustus, mark what I shall say.
As I was sometime solitary set 20
Within my closet, sundry thoughts arose
About the honour of mine ancestors,
How they had won by prowess such exploits,
Got such riches, subdu'd so many kingdoms,

As we that do succeed, or they that shall
Hereafter possess our throne, shall
(I fear me) ne'er attain to that degree
Of high renown and great authority :
Amongst which kings is Alexander the Great,
Chief spectacle of the world's pre-eminence, 30
The bright shining of whose glorious acts
Lightens the world with his reflecting beams,
As when I hear but motion made of him,
It grieves my soul I never saw the man.
If, therefore, thou, by cunning of thine art,
Canst raise this man from hollow vaults below,
Where lies entomb'd this famous conqueror,
And bring with him his beauteous paramour,
Both in their right shapes, gesture, and attire
They us'd to wear during their time of life, 40
Thou shalt both satisfy my just desire,
And give me cause to praise thee whilst I live.

Faust. My gracious lord, I am ready to accomplish
your request, so far forth as by art and power of my
spirit I am able to perform.

Knight. I'faith, that's just nothing at all. [*Aside.*

Faust. But, if it like your Grace, it is not in my ability
to present before your eyes the true substantial bodies
of those two deceased princes, which long since are con-
sumed to dust. 50

Knight. Ay, marry, Master Doctor, now there's a
sign of grace in you, when you will confess the truth.

[*Aside.*

Faust. But such spirits as can lively resemble Alexander
and his paramour shall appear before your Grace, in that
manner that they both lived in, in their most flourishing

estate ; which I doubt not shall sufficiently content your imperial majesty.

Emp. Goto, Master Doctor ; let me see them presently.

Knight. Do you hear, Master Doctor ? you bring Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor ! 60

Faust. How then, sir ?

Knight. I'faith, that's as true as Diana turned me to a stag.

Faust. No, sir ; but, when Actæon died, he left the horns for you.—Mephistophilis, begone.

[*Exit Mephistophilis.*]

Knight. Nay, an you go to conjuring, I'll begone.

[*Exit.*]

Faust. I'll meet with you anon for interrupting me so.—Here they are, my gracious lord.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS, with SPIRITS in the shapes of ALEXANDER and his PARAMOUR.

Emp. Master Doctor, I heard this lady, while she lived, had a wart or mole in her neck : how shall I know whether it be so or no ? 71

Faust. Your highness may boldly go and see.

Emp. Sure these are no spirits, but the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes. [*Excunt Spirits.*]

Faust. Wilt please your highness now to send for the knight that was so pleasant with me here of late ?

Emp. One of you call him forth. [*Exit Attendant.*]

Re-enter the KNIGHT, with a pair of horns on his head.

How now, sir knight ! Feel on thy head.

Knight. Thou damned wretch and execrable dog,
Bred in the concave of some monstrous rock, 80

How dar'st thou thus abuse a gentleman?
Villain, I say, undo what thou hast done!

Faust. O, not so fast, sir! there's no haste; but, good, are you remembered how you crossed me in my conference with the Emperor? I think I have met with you for it.

Emp. Good Master Doctor, at my entreaty release him: he hath done penance sufficient. 88

Faust. My gracious lord, not so much for the injury he offered me here in your presence, as to delight you with some mirth, hath Faustus worthily requited this injurious knight; which being all I desire, I am content to release him of his horns:—and, sir knight, hereafter speak well of scholars.—*Mephistophilis*, transform him straight. [*Mephistophilis removes the horns.*] Now, my good lord, having done my duty, I humbly take my leave.

Emp. Farewell, Master Doctor: yet, ere you go, expect from me a bounteous reward. 88

[*Exeunt Emperor, Knight, and Attendants.*]

SCENE IV. A GREEN.

FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Faust. Now, *Mephistophilis*, the restless course
That time doth run with calm and silent foot,
Shortening my days and thread of vital life,
Calls for the payment of my latest years:
Therefore, sweet *Mephistophilis*, let us
Make haste to Wertenberg.

Meph. What, will you go on horseback or on foot?

Faust. Nay, till I'm past this fair and pleasant green,
I'll walk on foot. 9

Enter a HORSE-COURSER.

Horse-courser. I have been all this day seeking one Master Fustian : mass, see where he is !—God save you, Master Doctor !

Faust. What, horse-courser ! you are well met.

Horse-c. Do you hear, sir ? I have brought you forty dollars for your horse.

Faust. I cannot sell him so ; if thou likest him for fifty, take him.

Horse-c. Alas, sir, I have no more !—I pray you, speak for me. 19

Meph. I pray you, let him have him : he is an honest fellow, and he has a great charge, neither wife nor child.

Faust. Well, come, give me your money [*Horse-courser gives Faustus the money*] : my boy will deliver him to you. But I must tell you one thing before you have him ; ride him not into the water, at any hand.

Horse-c. Why, sir, will he not drink of all waters ?

Faust. O, yes, he will drink of all waters ; but ride him not into the water : ride him over hedge or ditch, or where thou wilt, but not into the water. 20

Horse-c. Well, sir.—Now I am a made man for ever ; I'll not leave my horse for forty : if he had but the quality of hey-ding-ding, hey-ding-ding, I'd make a brave living on him. Well, God b'wi'ye, sir : your boy will deliver him me : but, hark you, sir ; if my horse be sick or ill at ease, you'll tell me what it is ?

Faust. Away, you villain ! what, dost think I am a horse-doctor ?

[Exit Horse-courser.]

What art thou, Faustus, but a man condemn'd to die ?
Thy fatal time doth draw to final end ;

Despair doth drive distrust into my thoughts :
Confound these passions with a quiet sleep : 40
Tush, Christ did call the thief upon the Cross ;
Then rest thee, Faustus, quiet in conceit.

[Sleeps in his chair.]

Re-enter HORSE-COURSE, all wet, crying.

Horse-courser. Alas, alas, Doctor Fustian, quotha! mass, Dr. Lopus was never such a doctor : has given me a purgation, has purged me of forty dollars ; I shall never see them more. But yet, like an ass as I was, I would not be ruled by him, for he bade me I should ride him into no water : now I, thinking my horse had had some rare quality that he would not have had me know of, I, like a venturous youth, rid him into the deep pond at the town's end. I was no sooner in the middle of the pond, but my horse vanished away, and I sat upon a bottle of hay, never so near drowning in my life. But I'll seek out my doctor, and have my forty dollars again, or I'll make it the dearest horse!—O, yonder is his snipper-snapper.—Do you hear? you, heypass, where's your master?

Meph. Why, sir, what would you? you cannot speak with him.

Horse-c. But I will speak with him. 50

Meph. Why, he's fast asleep: come some other time.

Horse-c. I'll speak with him now, or I'll break his glass-windows about his ears.

Meph. I tell thee, he has not slept these eight nights.

Horse-c. An he have not slept these eight weeks, I'll speak with him.

Meph. See, where he is, fast asleep.

Horse-c. Ay, this is he.—God save ye, Master Doctor, Master Doctor, Master Doctor Fustian! forty dollars, forty dollars for a bottle of hay! 70

Meph. Why, thou seest he hears thee not.

Horse-c. So-ho, ho! so-ho, ho! [*Hollas in his ear.*] No, will you not wake? I'll make you wake ere I go. [*Pulls Faustus by the leg, and pulls it away.*] Alas, I am undone! what shall I do?

Faust. O, my leg, my leg!—Help, Mephistophilis! call the officers.—My leg, my leg!

Meph. Come, villain, to the constable.

Horse-c. O Lord, sir, let me go, and I'll give you forty dollars more! 80

Meph. Where be they?

Horse-c. I have none about me: come to my ostry, and I'll give them you.

Meph. Bogone quickly. [*Horse-courser runs away.*]

Faust. What, is he gone? farewell he! Faustus has his leg again, and the Horse-courser, I take it, a bottle of hay for his labour: well, this trick shall cost him forty dollars more.

Enter WAGNER.

How now, Wagner! what's the news with thee? 89
~~My~~ the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your company.

Faust. The Duke of Vanholt! an honourable gentleman, to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning.—Come, Mephistophilis, let's away to him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. THE COURT OF THE DUKE OF VANHOLT.

*Enter the DUKE OF VANHOLT, the DUCHESS and
FAUSTUS.*

Duke. Believe me, Master Doctor, this merriment hath much pleased me.

Faust. My gracious lord, I am glad it contents you so well.—But it may be, madam, you take no delight in this. I have heard that at times women do long for some dainties or other: what is it, madam? Tell me, and you shall have it.

Duchess. Thanks, good Master Doctor; and, for I see your courteous intent to pleasure me, I will not hide from you the thing my heart desires; and, were it now summer, as it is January and the dead time of the winter, I would desire no better meat than a dish of ripe grapes. 12

Faust. Alas, madam, that's nothing!—Mephistophilis, be gone! [*Exit Mephistophilis.*] Were it a greater thing than this, so it would content you, you should have it.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with grapes.

Here they be, madam: wilt please you taste on them?

Duke. Believe me, Master Doctor, this makes me wonder above the rest, that being in the dead time of winter, and in the month of January, how you should come by these grapes. 21

Faust. If it like your Grace, the year is divided into two circles over the whole world, that, when it is here winter with us, in the contrary circle it is summer with them, as in India, Saba, and farther countries in the east; and by means of a swift spirit that I have, I had

them brought hither, as you see.—How do you like them, madam? Be they good?

Duchess. Believe me, Master Doctor, they be the best grapes that e'er I tasted in my life before. 39

Faust. I am glad they content you so, madam.

Duke. Come, madam, let us in, where you must well reward this learned man for the great kindness he hath shewed to you.

Duchess. And so I will, my lord; and, whilst I live, rest beholding for this courtesy.

Faust. I humbly thank your Grace.

Duke. Come, Master Doctor, follow us, and receive your reward. [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. A ROOM IN FAUSTUS' HOUSE.

Enter WAGNER.

Wag. I think my master means to die shortly,
For he hath given to me all his goods:
And yet, methinks, if that [his] death were near,
He would not banquet, and carouse, and swill
Amongst the students, as even now he doth,
Who are at supper with such belly-cheer
As Wagner ne'er beheld in all his life.
See, where they come! belike the feast is ended. [Exit.]

*Enter FAUSTUS with two or three SCHOLARS, and
MEPHISTOPHILIS.*

First Schol. Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair ladies, which was the beautifulest in all the world, we have determined with ourselves that Helen of

Greece was the admirablest lady that ever lived ; therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us that favour, as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholding unto you.

Faust Gentlemen,

For that I know your friendship is unfeign'd,
 And Faustus's custom is not to deny
 The just request of those that wish him well, 20
 You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,
 No otherways for pomp and majesty
 Than when Sir Paris cross'd the seas with her,
 And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.
 Be silent, then, for danger is in words.

[Music sounds, and Helen passeth over the stage.

Sec. Schol. Too simple is my wit to tell her praise,
 Whom all the world admires for majesty.

Third Schol. No marvel though the angry Greeks
 pursu'd

With ten years' war the rape of such a queen,
 Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare. 30

First Schol. Since we have seen the pride of Nature's
 works,

And only paragon of excellence,
 Let us depart ; and for this glorious deed
 Happy and blest be Faustus evermore.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell : the same I wish to you.

[Exeunt Scholars.

Enter an OLD MAN.

Old Man. Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail
 To guide thy steps unto the way of life,

By which sweet path thou mayst attain the goal
That shall conduct thee to celestial rest !
Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears, 40
Tears falling from repentant heaviness
Of thy most vile and loathsome filthiness,
The stench whereof corrupts the inward soul
With such flagitious crimes of heinous sin
As no commiseration may expel,
But mercy, Faustus, of thy Saviour sweet,
Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt.

Faust. Where art thou, Faustus? wretch, what hast
thou done?

Damn'd art thou, Faustus, damn'd; despair and die!
Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice 50
Says, "Faustus, come; thine hour is almost come;"
And Faustus now will come to do thee right.

[Mephistophilis gives him a dagger.]

Old Man. Ah, stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate
stabs!

I see an angel hovers o'er thy head,
And, with a vial full of precious grace,
Offers to pour the same into thy soul:
Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.

Faust. Ah, my sweet friend, I feel
Thy words to comfort my distressed soul:
Leave me awhile to ponder on my sins. 60

Old Man. I go, sweet Faustus; but with heavy cheer,
Fearing the ruin of thy hopeless soul. *[Exit.]*

Faust. Accurs'd Faustus, where is mercy now?

I do repent; and yet I do despair:

Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast:

What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

Meph. Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul
For disobedience to my sovereign lord :
Revolt, or I'll in piece-meal tear thy flesh.

Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord 70
To pardon my unjust presumption,
And with my blood again I will confirm
My former vow I made to Lucifer.

Meph. Do it, then, quickly, with unfeignèd heart,
Lest greater danger do attend thy drift.

Faust. Torment, sweet friend, that base and crookèd age,
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torments that our hell affords.

Meph. His faith is great ; I cannot touch his soul ;
But what I may afflict his body with 80
I will attempt, which is but little worth.

Faust. One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee,
To glut the longing of my heart's desire,—
That I might have unto my paramour
That heavenly Helen which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embracings may extinguish clean
Those thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keep mine oath I made to Lucifer.

Meph. Faustus, this, or what else thou shalt desire,
Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye. 90

Re-enter HELEN.

Faust. Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium ?—
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.—

[*Kisses her.*
Her lips suck forth my soul : see, where it flies !—
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.

Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.

I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy, shall Wertenberg be sacked;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus, 100
And wear thy colours on my plumed crest:
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
O, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appeared to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azur'd arms;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour! [Exeunt.

SCENE II. IN FAUSTUS' HOUSE.

Enter the OLD MAN.

Old Man. Accursèd Faustus, miserable man,
That from thy soul exclud'st the grace of heaven,
And fly'st the throne of his tribunal seat!

Enter DEVILS.

Satan begins to sift me with his pride:
As in this furnace God shall try my faith,
My faith, vile hell, shall triumph over thee.
Ambitious fiends, see how the heavens smile
At your repulse, and laugh your state to scorn!
Hence, hell! for hence I fly unto my God.

[Exeunt—on one side Devils, on the other Old Man.

SCENE III. THE SAME.

Enter FAUSTUS, with SCHOLARS.

Faust. Ah, gentlemen!

First Schol. What ails Faustus?

Faust. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still! but now I die eternally. Look, comes he not? comes he not?

Sec. Schol. What means Faustus?

Third Schol. Belike he is grown into some sickness by being over-solitary.

First Schol. If it be so, we'll have physicians to cure him.—'Tis but a surfeit; never fear, man. 10

Faust. A surfeit of deadly sin, that hath damned both body and soul.

Sec. Schol. Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven; remember God's mercies are infinite.

Faust. But Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardoned: the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Ah, gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, O, would I had never seen Wertenberg, never read book! and what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world; for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea, heaven itself, heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy; and must remain in hell for ever,—hell, ah, hell, for ever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell for ever?

Third Schol. Yet, Faustus, call on God. 29

Faust. On God, whom Faustus hath abjured ! on God, whom Faustus hath blasphem'd ! Ah, my God, I would weep ! but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood, instead of tears ! yea, life and soul ! O, he stays my tongue ! I would lift up my hands ; but see, they hold them, they hold them !

All. Who, Faustus ?

Faust. Lucifer and Mephistophilis. Ah, gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning !

All. God forbid ! 39

Faust. God forbade it, indeed ; but Faustus hath done it : for vain pleasure of twenty-four years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood : the date is expired ; the time will come, and he will fetch me.

First Schol. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee ?

Faust. Oft have I thought to have done so ; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces, if I named God, to fetch both body and soul, if I once gave ear to divinity : and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me. 51

Sec. Schol. O, what shall we do to save Faustus ?

Faust. Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

Third Schol. God will strengthen me ; I will stay with Faustus.

First Schol. Tempt not God, sweet friend ; but let us into the next room, and there pray for him.

Faust. Ay, pray for me, pray for me ; and what noise soever ye hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me. 60

Sec. Schol Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell: if I live till morning, I'll visit you; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

All. Faustus, farewell.

[*Exeunt Scholars.—The clock strikes eleven.*]

Faust. Ah, Faustus.

Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually!
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come; 70
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but

A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!

O lente, lente currite, noctis equi!

The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
O, I'll leap up to my God!—Who pulls me down?—
See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
One drop would save my soul, half a drop: ah, my
Christ!— 80

Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on him: O, spare me, Lucifer!—
Where is it now? 'tis gone: and see, where God
Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!
No, no!

Then will I headlong run into the earth;
Earth, gape! O, no, it will not harbour me!
You stars that reign'd at my nativity,

Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
Into the entrails of yon labouring clouds,
That, when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
So that my soul may but ascend to heaven !

[The clock strikes the half-hour.]

Ah, half the hour is past ! 'twill all be past anon.

O God,

If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath ransom'd me, 100
Impose some end to my incessant pain.

Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd !

O, no end is limited to damnèd souls !

Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul ?

Or why is this immortal that thou hast ?

Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
Unto some brutish beast ! all beasts are happy,
For, when they die, 110

Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements ;
But mine must live still to be plagu'd in hell.
Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me !
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.

[The clock strikes twelve.]

O, it strikes, it strikes ! Now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell !

[Thunder and lightning.]

O soul, be chang'd into little water-drops,
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found !

Enter DEVILS.

My God, my God, look not so fierce on me ! 120
Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while!
Ugly hell, gape not ! come not, Lucifer !
I'll burn my books !—Ah, Mephistophilis !
[Exeunt Devils with Faustus.]

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Cut is the branch that might have grown full
straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel-bough,
That sometime grew within this learned man.
Faustus is gone : regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,
Only to wonder at unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits 130
To practise more than heavenly power permits. *[Exit.]*

Terminat hora diem ; terminat auctor opus.

NOTES.

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PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus: an actor who speaks the Prologue and occasional passages of explanation or comment at the beginning of an Act, or at the close of the play; cp. Shakespeare, *Henry V.* The practice was borrowed not so much from the Greek drama, where the functions of the Chorus are not quite the same, as from the old Miracle Plays, where moralizing comments were frequently introduced in this way. §§ 5, 16.

1. **Thrasymene:** Lake Thrasymene, near Perugia (Central Italy), the scene of Hannibal's great victory over the Romans in the Second Punic War, B.C. 217. There may be an allusion to some lost play on the subject.

2. **Mars:** the Roman War-God. **Mate** is variously explained to mean either 'pitted himself against' or 'allied himself with, espoused the cause of, the Carthaginians.' But it is simpler to take it in the common and obvious sense of 'check-mate, defeat, and to suppose that Marlowe had forgotten his Roman history. He is often careless in classical allusions.

3. **dalliance:** indulgence; cp. *Henry V.* Act ii. Prol. 2, 'silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies.'

4. **[Nor] in courts.** **State,** i.e. power, pomp. Shakespeare, *Richard II.* iii. 2, 163, 'scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp.' The allusion is to plays that

'tell sad stories of the death of Kings,
How some have been deposed, some slain in war.'

5. **proud audacious deeds:** like those of his own *Tamburlaine*.

6. **vaunt**: proudly display. **His**: 'Muse' being equivalent to 'poet,' as in Milton's *Lycidas*, 19-21:

'So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn,
And as he passes, turn
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.'

8. **form**: representation.

9. **appeal our plaud**: appeal for the applause which is our due.

11. **his parents being base of stock** (i.e. origin): nominative absolute.

12. **Rhodes**: Roda, near Weimar: given as the birthplace of Faustus in the *Faustbuch*.

13. **Wertenberg**: i.e. Wurtemberg, a slip repeated throughout the play for *Wittenberg*, the Saxon university at which Luther taught.

14. **whereas** = where.

15. **profits**: makes progress.

16. **plot of scholarship**: field of scholarship; **graced**: (being) adorned by his learning: nominative absolute.

17. **grac'd**: receiving the doctor's degree by a *grace* or grant of the university,—a term still in use. [Pun on 'grace.']

18. **whose sweet delight [is] disputes**: whose delight it is to dispute or argue.

20. **cunning**: knowledge. [Out] of a *self-conceit*.

21. **his waxen wings**: alluding to the fate of Icarus, son of Daedalus, who endeavoured to escape with his father from Crete by means of wings made of feathers and wax, which melted as he flew too near the sun.

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22. **melting**: i.e. his waxen wings melting: nom. abs.; but used, in this abbreviated form, in a very ungrammatical way. It is a rule in English Grammar that a participle, coming at the beginning of a sentence, must agree with the subject of that sentence,—except in a few phrases like 'seeing,' 'considering,' etc. But here the subject of the sentence is *heaven*, to which *melting* does not refer.

25. *surfeits* : feeds greedily. *Necromancy* : calling up the spirits of the dead, as Faustus does those of Alexander, etc. (Act iv. Sc. 3). It is derived from *necros*, a dead body, and *manteia*, prophecy ; but the former word was confused with the Lat. *niger*, black, and thus the term 'Black Art' was invented, meaning magic.

27. *prefers before his chiefest bliss* : prefers to his salvation.

28. *this is ...* Here the Chorus draws aside a curtain.

ACT I., Sc. 1.

1. *Settle* : decide what thou wilt study most deeply (*sound the depth of*).

3. *commenc'd* : taken the degree (of doctor of theology) : 'commenced M.A., D.D.,' etc., is an old university term.

4. *level* : aim ; fix your ambition on that supreme knowledge to which every art leads up.

5. *Aristotle's works* : supposed in the Middle Ages to sum up all philosophy. The 'Analytics' (a word which Marlowe makes singular, like 'mathematics') were two of Aristotle's treatises on logic.

7. 'To argue well is the end of Logic.' Faustus takes up his books one by one, reads a line or two, and then puts them aside, as unsatisfactory.

11. *fitsteth Faustus' wit* : is worthy of his intellect.

12. *Oncaymaeon* : the reading of the Quarto of 1604, which (not being understood) was changed in later editions to *Economy*,—to be accented *Économy*. But this makes no sense, for no reference at all has been made to Aristotle's *political* philosophy. *Oeconomia* in Aristotle means simply household or state management of ways and means, and is here quite inapplicable. We must adopt A. H. Bullen's brilliant correction, or rather explanation, of the Quarto, and read 'On kai mē on' (Grk. *ὄν καὶ μὴ ὄν*, 'being and not being,' i.e. metaphysical philosophy).

Galen : a Greek physician, A.D. 130-201, for many centuries the standard authority on medicine.

13. 'Where the philosopher leaves off, there the physician begins.'

15. *eterniz'd* : immortalized.

16. 'The Supreme Good of medicine is Health.'

17. *end* : object. 'Happiness, our being's end and aim' (Pope).

19. *sound* : judicious. Others read : *found* (to consist of) *aphorisms*. The difference between *f* and *s* in old printing is very slight. *Aphorisms* : maxims, axioms.

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20. *bills* : advertisements. His skill was so esteemed, that his announcements of visits to be paid in his travels to certain towns were, after the visit, treasured in the public records. *monuments* : memorials.

25. *being dead* : agreeing with 'them,' but incorrectly placed in the sentence. See note on Prol. 22.

27. *Justinian* : the Emperor Justinian (sixth century), who caused the great Codes of Roman Law to be drawn up.

28. 'If one and the same thing is bequeathed to two persons, the one (shall take) the thing, the other the value of the thing.'

31. 'A father cannot disinherit his son, unless ...'

32. *institute* : treatise on the principles of law. The *Institutes* were one of the great law texts issued by Justinian.

34. *fits a mercenary drudge* : suits one who toils for mere profit. Faustus covets *power*. The original has 'his (*i.e.* its) study,' which may be right.

35. *external trash* : some worthless reward, that may profit the body but not the soul or intellect.

38. To make this line scan, we must read *Jerome's* as a three-syllable word (*Jeromēs*), or perhaps *Jerome his Bible*,—a common Elizabethan form. 'Jerome's Bible' was the Vulgate or Latin translation, accepted as authoritative by the Roman Church.

39. 'The wages of sin is Death' (Rom. vi. 23).

40. A defective line, one iambic short (read 'th' rewārd.)

41. Translated in the next line ; from 1 John i. 8.

43. *belike* : it may be.

45. *One sera* (*i.e.* *sard*) : Italian motto, or proverb.

47. *metaphysics* : treatises on supernatural matters ; cp. *Macbeth*, i. 5, 29, 'metaphysical aid.'

49. *lines, circles, etc.*: the apparatus of magicians. For scenes we should perhaps read *schemes*,—figures, diagrams, etc. Compare Sc. 3.

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53. *artizan* = artist.

54. *quiet*: unmoving.

55. *emprors and kings* (trochee and iambic). The next line, I think, should be scanned thus:

'*äre but | obéy'd | i' their sév | 'ral próv | inces.*'

The slurring of 'in' is easily paralleled in Shakespeare; e.g. 'a worm i' th' bud.'

58. *i.e.* the power of him who excels.

60. *sound*: competent.

61. *gain a detty*: gain the superhuman power that belongs to 'a sound magician.' The line has a foot too many, and probably 'Faustus' should not be there: cp. 117, etc.

63. *German Valdes*. The whole story being laid in Germany, the epithet 'German' seems very inappropriate: possibly, as has been suggested, we should read 'Hermann,' a common German name. But an easier explanation would be that the dramatist, thinking only of his English audience, forgot for the moment that the scene was supposed to be in Germany: cp. a similar forgetfulness in i. 4, 21. It is not known whom Marlowe intended by Valdes; many ingenious guesses have been made.

Cornelius Agrippa, the famous magician, a scholar of mark in his day (secretary to the Emperor Maximilian, etc.), and a reputed friend of the legendary Faustus, with whom his name is often coupled. Curiously enough, however, the name Agrippa is used in this very scene as that of a distinct personage (i. 1, 115),—evidently a slip on Marlowe's part, or the work of another hand.

74. *Jove*: meaning God, as often in Elizabethan and even later poetry (e.g. Milton's *Comus*): cp. i. 3, 89.

75. *these elements*: this world.

76. *glutted with conceit*: filled with satisfaction at such a thought.

78. *resolve me*: clear my mind.

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81. **ocean**: three syllables, as often in Shakespeare, e.g. *M. of V.* i. 1, 8, 'Your mind is tossing on the ocean.'

orient: of or belonging to the East or morning; hence, bright, lustrous: cp. Milton, *Comus*, 65, 'orient liquor.'

82. **new-found world**: America.

83. **delicates**=delicacies (Germ. *Delicatessen*); sometimes shortened to 'cates': 'conformable as other household cates' (Shakespeare).

86. **wall all Germany**: as Merlin intended to do with his birthplace, Carmarthen, by the aid of his 'sprights' (Spenser, *Faerie Queen*, iii. 3, 10); and as Roger Bacon is credited with promising to do for England.

87. **Wertenberg**, i.e. Wittenberg (Prol. 13) stands on the Elbe. He means, divert the course of the Rhine so that it may encircle Wittenberg.

88. **public schools**: university lecture-rooms.

89. **bravely**: finely.

91. **our land**: the Empire, of which the Netherlands, though in revolt, still nominally formed a part. The Prince of Parma (Alexander Farnese) was Philip II.'s Governor and General in the Netherlands, and was intended by him to invade England with the help of the invincible Armada. [As the action of the play is supposed to take place in the reign of Philip's father, Charles V. (see iv. 1, 14), the references to the Prince of Parma and the siege of Antwerp are anachronisms.]

92. **the provinces**: perhaps meaning the United Provinces (Dutch Netherlands).

93. **brunt** (from the same root as *burn*): heat.

94. **the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge**: the Prince of Parma besieged Antwerp, 1584-5, and blocked the River Scheldt with a bridge of boats ~~for~~ ships, moored strongly together, to prevent aid being brought by sea. This 'bridge' was destroyed by the Dutch by means of a fire-ship,—which the Spaniards remembered with terror when Drake attacked them in the same way at their anchorage in Calais Roads (1588,—the year in which this play was written).

101. **fantasy** or phantasy: fancy, imagination. The metre is very irregular. Perhaps we may scan: 'Yét not your

wórds | only, but mine | own phant'ay.' But the feminine ending (§ 19) is unusual. Better omit 'only.'

102. *receive no object*: attend to nothing else; or possibly, 'admit of no opposition.'

103. *but ruminates*: does nothing but meditate.

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110. *concise syllogisms*: neatly and pithily expressed logical arguments. 'All men are mortal: I am a man, therefore I am mortal,'—is a syllogism.

111. *gravell'd*: puzzled; cp. 'gravelled for lack of matter' (Shakespeare).

112. *flowering pride*=pride and flower, *i.e.* all the most promising students.

113. *problems*: to hear him solve problems in logic or science.

114. *Mossus* the sweet singer, a (mythical) son of Orpheus. Virgil describes the spirits of the dead as crowding eagerly round to listen to him in the Elysian Fields (or 'hell').

115. *cunning*: learned; cp. Prol. 20. *Agrippa*: see 63.

116. *shadows*: Cornelius Agrippa was said to practise sciomancy, or the art of calling up the shades or *shadows* of the dead to foretell the future (Prol. 25).

117. *Faustus* is again hypermetrical: cp. 61.

118. *canonise*: usually accented in Elizabethan verse on the second syllable, as here. It meant originally to include in the authorized list (or canon) of saints of the Church.

119. *Moors*: (lit. dark men) properly applied to the Mahometan conquerors of Northern Africa and Spain. Here it is applied to the American Indians whom the Spaniards enslaved.

120. *spirits*: in the first edit. *subjects*, to which it is not easy to attach a meaning,¹ and which, in addition, spoils the metre: 'So shall the spir'ts of ev'ry element.' [*Spirits* is usually a monosyllable in Elizabethan verse.]

¹ Perhaps 'bodily forms assumed by the spirits.' Cp. *Tumb.* (Part 2), v. 3:

'This subject, not of force enough
To hold the fiery spirit it contains.'

123. *Almain rutters*: German horsemen (*Reiter, Lans-knechts*), whose *staves* were lances. They are mentioned also in *Tamb.* (Part 2), i. 1, and described as 'stout lanciers of Germany.'

124. *Lapland giants*: Lapland, a conveniently little known country, was more renowned for witches than for giants; but doubtless there were as many of the one as of the other.

126. *shadowing forth*: revealing. *Airy*: unreal, visionary; 'give to airy nothing || A local habitation and a name' (Shakespeare). 'Airy tongues that syllable men's names (Milton).

127. *the Queen of Love*: Venus.

128. *Venice*: the chief centre of commerce before the geographical discoveries of Da Gama and Columbus. *Argosies*: said to be derived not from the *Argo*, in which Jason sailed in search of the Golden Fleece, but from Ragusa in Dalmatia, which was once a great place of trade under the rule of Venice.

129. *golden fleece* (=treasure) *that yearly stuffs*: the gold and silver brought to Spain annually by the Plate Fleet (Span. *plata*, silver) that sailed from Mexico.

130. *old Philip's*: a disrespectful way of speaking of Philip of Spain which would be sure of popularity in the Armada year.

133. *object it not*: bring not forward that objection, i.e. doubt as to his resolution.

136. *astrology*: the pretended science of prophesying by means of the stars.

137. *enrich'd and well seem both mean* 'learned, accomplished in.'

minerals,—including no doubt metals,—used in alchemy, the pretended science which sought to transmute the baser metals into gold.

138. *principles*: basis, ground-work.

140. *frequented*: resorted to by visitors from all lands.

Page 9.

141. *heretofore*: in former days. *The Delphian Oracle*: the great oracle at Delphi (N. Greece), where Apollo was believed to inspire his priestess with the gift of prophecy.

144. Referring to buried treasure.

145. *massy* : rich in metals.

149. *conjure* : practise magic. *Lusty* : consisting of vigorous, well-grown trees.

150. *possession* : as often with words ending in—ion, these letters form two syllables ; cp. Shakespeare, *M. of V.* ii. 1, 1, 'Mislike me not for my complexion.'

152. *wise Bacon* : Roger Bacon, the learned Franciscan friar of Oxford, whose scientific researches and discoveries naturally, in the thirteenth century, drew down upon him the charge of magic. A comedy, probably suggested by *Dr. Faustus*, was written on the subject (*Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*) by Marlowe's contemporary and rival, Greene.

Albertus Magnus (1193-1280), equally renowned as a theologian and scientific inquirer. He, too, incurred, with Roger Bacon, the charge of dealing in the Black Art, and like him he is said to have made a brazen head that could talk ! [The early editions all give this name as *Albanus*,—but most editors accept the correction.]

153. Certain portions of scripture were used in magical incantations to call up spirits, and compel their obedience. *Psalter* : book of Psalms.

156. *words of art* : charms and spells.

162. *canvass every quiddity* : examine thoroughly (Lat. *quid sit exquirere*) into its nature and attributes. '*Canvass*': orig. to sift or strain through canvas.

SCENE 2.

2. *schools* : see on Sc. 1, l. 88. *Sic probe* : thus I prove it.

4. *boy* : servant, i. 4, l.

Page 10.

5. *Sirrah* : a slighting or contemptuous form of *sir*.

8. *follows* not logically or necessarily.

12. *Licentiate* : the degree of licentiate was preliminary to a doctor's. *That you should stand upon* : which you ought to insist upon.

17. *ask my fellow* ... *Ask my associate* if I be a thief, and he will bear me out that I am not ; just as you back up the assertion of your friend (the Second Scholar) that I said so and so.

21. **corpus naturale**, a natural body, and therefore *mobile*, capable of movement. If I know where my master was a short time ago, it does not follow that he is there now.

23. **phlegmatic** : not excitable.

24. **it were not well for you**.

25. **place of execution** : a facetious term for the dining-room, 'where execution is done upon meat and drink' (Dr. Wagner).

27. **triumphed** : in logic.

28. **set my countenance** : put on a prim look (Lat. *componere voltum*).

precisian, *i.e.* Puritan. The Puritans at this time (1588) were increasing in influence and were not popular on the stage, which they denounced ; cp. Shakespeare's Malvolio (a Puritan type) in *Twelfth Night*, 'Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale ?'

30. **this wine** : which he is carrying.

Page 11.

39. **Rector** : head of the university ; a title still used in Scotland and Germany.

SCENE 3.

1. **gloomy shadow of the earth** : Night, which the ancients always spoke of, not as mere absence of light, but as a thing in itself.

2. **Orion's drizzling look** : the constellation of Orion appears in the sky at the beginning of winter and was regarded as the forerunner of rain and wind ; hence Virgil calls it *nimbosus Orion*, and *aquosus* ('drizzling') Orion.

3. **antarctic** : opposed generally to the north, southern.

4. **welkin** : sky.

6. **hest** = behest, command.

9. **anagrammatized** : the letters transposed so as to form other names, as was done in magic incantations.

10. **breviated** : *i.e.* abbreviated.

11. **every adjunct to** : every star suspended in the heavens.

12. **characters of signs** : the conventional symbols still used to denote the twelve signs of the Zodiac,—the Ram, Scorpion, etc.

erring stars : the planets (Grk. 'wanderers').

16 *seq.* 'May the Gods of Acheron (the infernal regions) be propitious to me! Farewell to the threefold deity of Jehovah. Hail, spirits of Fire, Air, and Water! Belzebub, Prince of the East (*i.e.* Lucifer, the Morning Star, Son of the Morning), Monarch of burning hell, and Demogorgon, we propitiate you, that Mephistophilis may appear and rise: why lingerest thou? By Jehovah, Gehenna, and the consecrated water which I now sprinkle, and the sign of the cross which I now make, and by our vows, may Mephistophilis himself, devoted to our service, now rise!' [For *valeat nomen triplex*, cp. Horace (*Epp.* ii. 1, 180), *valeat res ludicra*, 'good-bye to the stage'; and below, l. 53, 'stoutly to abjure the Trinity.' *Quid tu moraris?* is a conjectural emendation for *Quod tumeraris* (which is quite unmeaning) in the original text. *Dicatis* or *dicatus* is very doubtful.]

Demogorgon, 'a tremendous gloom' (Shelley), was 'prince of darkness and dead night || At which Coeytus quakes and Styx is put to flight' (Spenser, *F.Q.* i. 1, 39). It is perhaps a corruption of Demiurgus, the evil, or at any rate partly evil, creator of the world, according to the Gnostic heretics of the first century.

Mephistophilis, in Marlowe, a servant or deputy of Lucifer; in Goethe it appears to be a synonym for Satan himself.

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32. *laureat*: of acknowledged merit, crowned with laurel; cp. Poet Laureate. See v. 3, 125.

34. 'For indeed thou rulest in the image of thy brother M.'; cp. Gen. i. 26.

38. *drop from her sphere*: as magicians were believed to be able to do; Verg. *Eccl.* viii. 69, 'carmina vel caelo possunt deducere lunam'; and many other passages in the classics.

39. *the ocean*: th' ocean; see on i. 1, 81.

46. *per accidens*: by way of accident, incidentally.

47. *rack*: twist and distort into anagrams; i. 3, 9.

Page 13.

48. *abjure*: renounce.

60. *confounds*: makes no distinction between them. Elysium was the place of the nobler dead, according to the Greek and Roman mythology.

61. **old philosophers** : who did not believe in eternal reward or punishment after death.

68. **aspiring pride** : 'fling away ambition : by that sin fell the angels' (Shakespeare, *Henry VIII.* Act III Sc. 2).

70. For the repetition of 'Lucifer' at the end of these lines, cp. *M. of V.* v. 1 ;

'If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.'

76. Compare Milton, *P.L.* iv. 75, 'Which way I fly is hell ; myself am hell.'

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83. **passionate** : moved with passion or emotion.

84. **being** must be read as a monosyllable, as in Milton, *Comus*, 370, 'Not being in any danger'; and so **seeing** in l. 88.

89. **Jove's** : see on i. 1, 74.

91. **so he will** : provided that ; cp. Tennyson, 'So thou lean on our fair Father.'

99. **midnight** : accent on the last syllable.

100. **resolve** : i. 1, 78.

104. **emperor** : two syllables, as in i. 1, 55. In the next line *thorough* is equivalent to 'through' : both forms were used indifferently (ii. 2, 177).

107. **bind** : surround, enclose. Shakespeare, *Richard II.* (ii. 1, 61), 'England, bound in with the triumphant sea.'

108. **continent to** : continuous with, forming one with.

109. **contributory** : we should now say 'tributary.'

110. **the Emperor** : the Holy Roman Emperor, who ruled Germany, Austria, etc. ; at this time, Charles V. (see Introductory Chorus to Act ~~IV~~ and i. 1, 91).

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113. **speculation** : contemplation.

SCENE 4.

This 'Clownage' Scene (see §§ 10, 11) may or may not be Marlowe's own work. At any rate, the first three lines are

borrowed almost word for word from another play (the old,—not Shakespeare's,—*Taming of a Shrew*). Clown means 'rustic.'

2. boy : see on i. 2, 4. Swowns = zounds ! a vulgar oath.

3. pickadevaunts : Fr. *pic à devant* (*pic*, point) ; pointed beard.

4. quotha = quoth he ! i.e. said he ; used ironically, iv. 4, 43.

5. comings in : wages, etc., coming in (Shakespeare, *M. of V.* ii. 2, 170). The clown puns on the word and shows where he is 'breaking out at elbows.'

8. bare : half-clad.

13. by'r lady : by our Lady (the Virgin Mary).

16. qui mihi discipulus : 'he that is my disciple' ; the first words of a Latin poem of Elizabeth's time on manners.

18. in beaten silk : silk on which were sewn plates of gold or silver, beaten thin. To point the jest, Wagner is supposed to rap the clown smartly with his stick or staff ; hence *slaves-acre*, which is another name for larkspur, used to destroy vermin.

19. guilders (Dutch florins), as hiring-money or 'earnest.' The clown wilfully misunderstands the word.

22. Mass : 'by the Mass.' The clown remarks contemptuously that, but for the name of the thing, one might just as well have English counters, worth nothing. He means, I suppose, that French money, then much depreciated owing to the Civil Wars, was no use in England. [The author has forgotten that the scene is laid in Germany.]

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33. Beliol and Belcher : jocose inventions, the former perhaps suggested by Belial,—or possibly that was what Wagner meant to say.

35. round stop : short and wide trunkhose, such as the clown wears in a pantomime.

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62. diametarily : he means, diametrically, using a long word to impress the clown.

quasi vestigias nostras insistere ; 'to tread, as it were, in my steps.' Wagner's Latin must be supposed to be none of the best.

64. *Dutch fustian*: fustian was rough cotton cloth used for jackets, etc.; metaphorically, high-sounding nonsense, aping sense as fustian tries to ape more costly fabrics: 'discourse fustian' (Shakespeare). Compare the use of 'bumbast,' which properly means padding. *Dutch* perhaps because Wagner's language is 'double-Dutch' to him.

ACT II., Sc. 1.

3. *boots it*: of what avail is it?

6. The line is quite unmetrical: perhaps 'Now go! not back-ward' [§ 19 (2)]; Faustus, be resolute. Or see note on i. 1, 61.

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14. *offer... blood*: Magicians and Jews were believed in the Middle Ages to practise human sacrifice; cp. the well-known story of Hugh of Lincoln (Chaucer, *Prioresse's Tale*). *Good Angel*: § 16.

19. *make*: in the original text, *makes*. The third person plural, in the northern dialect of English, ended in -s, and Shakespeare uses it several times:

'Hark! hark! the Lark at Heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise
His steeds to water at the springs
On chaliced flowers that lies.'

23. *signiory of Embden*: the lordship of Emden, at the mouth of the Ems (N. Germany), once a great commercial port.

26. *cast*: reckon up; cp. 'cast accounts.'

32. *so*: provided that; i. 3, 91, note.

36. Scan *secu-ry*.

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41. 'Tis a consolation to the wretched to have had companions in woe'; a Latin proverb of unknown origin.

42. 'You, that torture others.'

49. *bind*: sign a bond with your blood.

53. *proper*: own (Fr. *propre*).

54. *assure*: pledge.

61. *congeals*: thickens, solidifies.

62. *are*, as often in Shakespeare, is a disyllable.

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STAGE DIRECTION. *Chafar* of coals: a brazier of burning charcoal (Fr. *chauffer*). In the *History* (§ 11), one chapter relates 'How Dr. Faustus set his blood in a saucer on warm ashes,' etc.

73. 'It is finished.'

76. *Homo, fuge*: Man, flee!

82. *this show*: dumb-show or pantomime. § 16.

83. Another unmetrical line of twelve syllables. Possibly we should omit 'Faustus' (i. 1, 61 and 117). The metre of this scene is very rough and broken, and can hardly be as Marlowe wrote it. It (and perhaps most of the play) may have been carelessly printed from an equally careless acting-copy, or it may have been taken down surreptitiously in shorthand for a pirated edition, as we know was sometimes done.

84. May be scanned: 'and to (§ 18, d.) shéw thée' | etc.

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102. *by these presents*: by this present document.

103. *Prince of the East*: i. 3, 17, where the title appropriate to Lucifer, the Morning Star, is transferred to Belzebub.

106. (being) *inviolat*.

109. *deliver*: a legal document or deed is signed, sealed, and *delivered* in the presence of witnesses.

115. *elements*: i. 1, 75.

118. *In one self place*: one and the same. Self is here an adj. Cp. i. 3, 76.

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121. *purified*: i.e. shall have passed out of purgatory.

129. The *to* is slurred: *t' imagine*. *Fond to*: foolish as to

135. *an*: if. Sometimes both are used: 'an if, and if'; as often in the Bible (A.V.).

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148. *ceremonial toy*: idle, unmeaning ceremony. M. objects to F.'s request because marriage was regarded as a sacrament of the Church.

150. *she* : more grammatically, *her*.
 151. *Penelope* : wife of Ulysses ; her virtues are celebrated by Homer.
 152. *Saba* = the Queen of Sheba ; 1 Kings, ch.^v 10.
 155. *iterating* : repeating.
 157. *lightning* : scan, *light-ening*.
 166. *characters and planets* = characters of (or denoting) planets ; cp. i. 3, 12, note.
 167. *dispositions* : stations ; or perhaps referring to the good and bad influences attributed to the stars.
 173. He doubts that the book contains all that he has mentioned.

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SCENE 2.

Some considerable time is supposed to elapse between this scene and the last one (l. 24, 'long ere this'). Faustus has used his magic power to call up 'blind Homer,' and satisfy his craving for knowledge ; but terrible fear and remorse shake him ever and again, and his Good and Evil Angels still contend for his soul.

12. *yet* : even now. *Be I* : even if I be.

13. *thou art a spirit* : 'spirit' seems strangely used here to denote one who has lost his soul beyond redemption and therefore possesses no longer a hope of salvation, but is as one of the spirits,—whose destiny, for good or evil, is irrevocably fixed.

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27. *Alexander* : Paris, son of Priam (king of Troy), who loved and deserted Oenone ('*Ænon*'), a nymph of Mt. Ida ; cp. Tennyson, *Oenone*.

28. *he that built* *Amphion*, whose music drew even stones to build themselves up as he bade them ; 'movit Amphion lapides canendo' (Hor. C. iii. 11, 2).

34. *astrology* was not yet clearly distinguished from astronomy ; i. l. 136.

37. *centric* : the old belief (the Ptolemaic theory), before Copernicus revolutionized astronomy, was that the earth was the centre not only of the solar system but of the

universe. The new theory was only just becoming known in Marlowe's time; even Bacon and Milton seem to have hesitated about adopting it.

39. *mutually folded*: i.e. infolded, sphere within sphere.

42. *terminine*: terminus. *The world's wide pole*: 'the poles of the Zodiac'; see below.

44. *but [they] are erring stars*: i. 3, 12, note.

46. *situ*: with regard to the *direction* in which they revolve. *tempore*: with regard to the *time* of their annual revolution.

49. *upon* (i.e. relatively to) *the poles of the zodiac*: they move in the great rotation of the universe in the same direction, but at varying rates. *Zodiac*: the sun's path in the heavens.

53. *double motion*: (1) on their own axis, (2) in their orbit.

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58. *freshmen's suppositions*: propositions or problems for students in their first year at college.

59. *dominion or intelligentia*: presiding spirit.

61. The planets were supposed to be carried round each in its own *sphere* or hollow globe, invisible to us. These spheres were thought to fit one inside the other (l. 39). Outside the seven planetary spheres was the firmament or sphere of the fixed stars: beyond that was the *Primum Mobile*, the sphere which first moved and communicated movement to all the other spheres: outside that again, the empyreal heaven, consisting of elemental fire,—the empyrean; cp. Milton, *P.L.* iii. 481 *seq.*

65. *conjunctions*: in astrology, planets were said to be in conjunction when they were nearest to one another and their influence harmonious: in opposition, when they were remote from and counteracting each other.

67. 'By reason of their unequal motion (i.e. their varying speed) with regard to the whole system of the Universe.'

72. *move*: provoke (by trying to make him mention God).

76. In the original text this line is assigned to Faustus, but it is more appropriately placed by modern editors in the mouth of the Good Angel, hovering near him.

77. *this*: i.e. that thou art damned. *M.* leaves him in anger.

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84. *rase* : graze (Fr. *raser*).

86. *Seek* ... : The line is defective in first, (unstressed) syllable, perhaps intentionally. Or we might read 'seek thou to save.'

88. *interest* (scan *in'trest*) : right of property, as we say 'a life-interest in an estate.'

91. Cp. Milton, *P.L.* i. 79 :

'One next himself in power and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine and called
Beelzebub.'

93. *injure* : treat unjustly.

94. *contrary* : so often in Shakespeare.

96. If not mere 'gagging' (§ 2, end, and § 16, c.) this half-line belongs to Beelzebub. It was thought humorous to suppose the Devil had a mother ('dam'); the phrase is a common one. Shakespeare, *King John*, ii. 1, 28.

104. *The Seven Deadly Sins* : favourite characters in the medieval Miracle Plays and Moralities ; § 16. At the festivities held at Heidelberg in 1613 to celebrate the marriage of the Elector Palatine and the Princess Elizabeth of England, 'there came in the Seven Deadly Sins, all of them chained, and driven forward by a dragon, who continually spit fire' (quoted by Dr. Ward, from a contemporary account).

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116. The reference is to a medieval Latin poem, *De Pulice* (On the Flea), wrongly attributed to Ovid.

117. *perriwig* : a corruption of Fr. *perruque*, a wig.

120. *cloth of arras* (from Arras, in Artois, where it was made) : tapestry.

131. *case of rapiers* : pair of duelling-swords kept in one case.

133. *some of you* (the devils).

141. *vengeance* : plague upon you (i. 4, 41) ; *not* the modern use of the phrase.

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146. *pension* : annuity.

147. *bevera* : refreshment, chiefly liquid (hence our word

'beverage'), between breakfast and dinner,—which was at noon or earlier.

151. **Martlemas** = Martin-mass, the Feast of St. Martin (Nov. 11). Before the introduction of turnips, etc., 'it was not easy,' says Macaulay (*Hist.* ch. 3), 'to keep cattle alive during the season when the grass is scanty. They were killed and salted in great numbers at the beginning of the cold weather' (i.e. about St. Martin's Day). The alliterations, Peter Pickle-Herring, etc., are supposed to be humorous.

153. **March-beer**: i.e. beer brewed in March, and considered choicer than the October brewing.

154. **progeny** is, I suppose, an intentional blunder for *ancestry*.

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177. **thoroughly**: i. 3, 105. Note the unusual feminine ending of this line (§ 19).

180. **chary**: carefully. [In the Quarto of 1616 a 'clownage' scene follows here between Robin and Dick, who have got hold of 'one of Dr. Faustus' conjuring books' and propose to 'have such knavery' (play such tricks) 'as 't passes' (i.e. as beats everything; v. 1, 30),—including an unlimited supply of wine,—'sack (i.e. sherry or canary), Muscadine (made from the Muscat grape), Malmsey (or Malvoisie, a rich luscious wine made of the Malvasia grape from Crete), and Whippincrust' (some other drink), and all for nothing! The scene appears to be merely a rough draft of the very similar one, iv. 1.]

ACT III. Chorus.

3. **Jove's**: i. 1, 74.

4. **Olympus**: the mountain-top where the gods of Greece 'lived and lay reclined.'

7. The lines in brackets, which, as A. H. Bullen says, bear evidence of Marlowe's hand, are added from the Quarto of 1616.

10. **Primum Mobile**: ii. 2, 61, note.

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20. **prove cosmography**: examine the truth of cosmography.

24. **Peter's feast**: St. Peter's day.

25. **to this day**: to-day, or on this day.

SCENE 1.

2. **Trier** : which we generally call by the French form of its name, *Trèves*.

4. **lakes** : ditches, moats.

6. **coasting** along the frontier of ...

11. **straight forth** : drawn in straight lines.

12. **equivalents** : equal parts.

13. **Maro** : Virgil, called 'learnéd' partly as poet, partly as magician, as the legends of the Middle Ages represented him.

14. **the way he cut** : the tunnel of Posilippo, near Naples.

17. **in one of which** : comparison with the *History of Dr. Faustus* shows that Venice is meant, the 'sumptuous temple' being St. Mark's.

18. **her** : here temple = church, ecclesia, which is feminine ; hence *her* (W.).

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21. **erst** : once, formerly.

38. **store**, being a collective noun, takes the plural ; Shakespeare, *Richard II.* i. 4, 5, 'what store of tears were shed.'

39. **double cannons** : with double bores.

40. **complete** : accent, as often, on the first syllable.

41. **pyramides** (four syllables) is the Greek plural. Obelisks appear to be meant, like Cleopatra's needle.

44. **Styx**, etc. : three of the rivers of the infernal regions ; others were Cocytus ('named of wailing') and Lethe, the river of oblivion.

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52. **summum bonum** : chief good.

[Instead of ll. 51-52, the Quarto of 1616 gives a long scene in which Pope Adrian (there was a Pope of that name in 1522-3, but the details given are entirely unhistorical) humiliates 'Saxon Bruno,' who had been 'elected' Pope by the Emperor ; 'Lord Raymond, King of Hungary,' supports Pope Adrian. All this is wildly imaginary. While the 'Lord Cardinals' are deliberating in private on Bruno's punishment, Mephistophilis and Faust 'strike them with sloth and

drowsy idleness'; assume their forms, cajole the Pope into surrendering Bruno to them, and promptly set him at liberty,—to the rage of the Pope when the trick is discovered. 'Hale (*i.e.* drag) them to prison, lade their limbs with gyves (*i.e.* fetters), is his sentence upon the 'Lord Cardinals.']

STAGE DIRECTION. *sonnet* or *sennet*: a performance on the trumpet announcing some ceremony.

The *Cardinal of Lorraine*: there were three cardinals of the great house of Guise,—contemporaries of Marlowe,—who played a prominent part in the religious politics of the time in France.

.69. *ha't*: have it.

73. *pardon*: an indulgence. The vendors of indulgences were called 'pardoners' (see Chaucer).

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75. *dirge*: funeral service; from *dirige* (Ps. 5, 8, 'Dirige in conspectu tuo vitam meam'). To *lay* a ghost was to exorcize it and give it rest in the grave.

82. *bell, book, and candle*: the solemn form of excommunication in the Romish Church.

89. *maledicat Dominus*: may the Lord curse him.

91. *took*: cp. 'took, or fetched, him a box o' the ear.'

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94. *Et omnes sancti*: and may all the saints curse him.

ACT IV. Chorus.

5. *companions*: four syllables; cp. i. 1, 150, note.

6. *gratulate*: congratulate him on.

7. *conference of*: conversation on.

11. *as*=that. *Wit*: intellect.

14. *Carolus*: Charles V., the great Emperor (1519-56), whose battles in Italy Faustus was credited with winning by his magic. The line is quite unmetrical. *N.B.*—In *Carolus* the accent is on the first syllable.

SCENE 1.

Another clownage scene (cp. end of Act II.).

3. *circles* : i. 1, 49 ; i. 3, 8.

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6. *chafing* : heated talk.

11. *roaring* : slang for 'fine, grand' ; cp. 'a roaring trade.'

22. *ippocras* or *hippocras* : spiced wine. *Tabern* (Lat. *taberna*) : a tavern.

28. *horse-bread* : a kind of coarse bread formerly used for feeding horses.

31. *lie foul* : remain uncleaned.

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SCENE 2.

The same continued. A scene may have dropped out between this and the last one ; or more probably Scene I. was meant to take the place of the one at the end of Act II., and has got into the wrong place.

2. *ecce, signum* : behold the sign !

3. a *simple purchase* : 'purchase' originally meant gain or acquisition ; it is thieves' slang for 'plunder.' As for *simple* (mock-disparaging), cp. Shakespeare, *M. of V.* ii. 2, 172, 'Eleven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in (*Faustus*, i. 4, 5) for one man.'

5. *Vintner* : wine-seller, inn-keeper.

6. *gull* : cheat, dupe.

7. *Drawer* : the barman who draws the wine.

12. *&c.* : left to the discretion of the actor.

17. *burden ... with a matter of truth* : lay upon them a charge affecting their honesty ; cp. 'true (*i.e.* honest) men.

19. *tone* : the one ; *qu.* 'tother.

22. *scour* : chastise, make you smart.

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31. *nomine* : in their fright they remember odd phrases out of the old Latin services.

38. *awful* : full of awe or fear ; 'with awful eye' (Milton, *Ode to the Nativity*).

40. **villain**, **villein**, low fellow, opp. to a gentleman.

50. **enow**: enough.

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SCENE 3.

5. **familiar**: one that attends on you.

6. **list**: second person of the pres. subj. (which has no inflexions in English).

11. **prejudiced**: by being punished for sorcery.

15. **nothing answerable**: by no means worthy of.

16. **for that**: because. **binds**: see note on il. 1, 19.

20. **sometime**: once. **Set**: seated in my private room.

23. **won ... such exploits**: achieved such great things.

24. **riches** seems to be accented (and perhaps ought to be spelled) as *richesse*.

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25. **as**: that. The lines are corrupt and quite unmetrical.

30. **pre-eminence**: collective term = pre-eminent men.

33. **motion**: mention.

38. **paramour**: Thais the Athenian; see Dryden, *Alexander's Feast*.

47. **if it like**: if it please. Shakespeare, *Henry V.* iv. 3, 78.

51. **marry**: (Virgin) Mary!

53. **lively**: like life.

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58. **presently**: at once. **Go to**: go on.

62. **as true as (that) Diana**: Diana changed Actaeon, for intruding on her retirement, into a stag. Ovid, *Met.* iii.

67. **meet with you anon**: deal with you presently.

STAGE DIRECTIONS: **Spirits**: a dumb-show; Introd. § 16.

76. **knight**: called Benvolio in the later edition (1616); which considerably expands his part in the scene. **Pleasant**, witty.

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81. **abuse**: misuse.

83. **good**: a vocative; 'my good sir!' (Lat. *bone*).

84. **are you remembered** : Shakespeare, *A.Y.L.* iv. 5, 132.
Crossed me in my conference (conversation) : *Julius Caesar*,
 i. 2 :

[Cicero]

'Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
 As we have seen him in the Capitol,
 Being crossed in conference by some senators.'

89. **injury** : insult ; cp. 'injurious words' and 'injurious knight' (below).

91. **requited** : paid you out.

[After this scene follow two others in the Quarto of 1616, in which the knight,—who vows he will never more trust 'smooth faces and small ruffs' (the appearance and dress of scholars),—tries to revenge himself upon Faustus with the help of some friends and a party of soldiers ; for which they all suffer severely at the hands of Faustus and Mephistophilis. This is taken from the *Faustbuch*, but hardly by Marlowe.]

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SCENE 4.

10. The interview with the Horse-courser is supposed to take place after they have reached Wittenberg, in Faustus' house. **Horse-courser** : horse-dealer, from *scorse*, to exchange.

11. **Fustian**, a humorous blunder for 'Faustus.' See i. 4, 62.

21. **a great charge** : is put to heavy expenses. One would expect M. to go on 'he has a large family to maintain' ; instead of which, to raise a laugh, he says just the opposite.

25. **at any hand** : in any case, whatever you do.

31. **leave** : part with, as you do, for forty dollars. **Had but the quality of hey-ding-ding** : was only worth an old song. **On** (i.e. out of) him. **God b'wi'ye** : God be with ye ; now still further slurred into *good-bys*.

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40. **confound these passions** : silence this agitation.

41. And therefore may call me also, at the last moment.

42. **conceit** : mind, thoughts.

43. **Quetha** : said he (i. 4, 4) ; i.e. do you call him Doctor 'Fustian' ? Dr. Lopez, rather !

44. Dr. Lopez ('Lopus'), a Spanish physician to Queen Elizabeth, whom he was bribed by Philip II. to poison: tried and convicted in 1594, eight months after Marlowe's death—which, proves that this scene can hardly be the latter's work.

52. *bottle* : truss. We still speak of 'looking for a needle in a bottle of hay.'

55. *snipper-snapper* : whipper-snapper, a paltry-looking fellow.

56. *heypass* : juggler, from their formula, 'hey, presto! pass.'

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82. *ostry* : hostelry, inn.

90. *Vanholt* : i.e. Anhalt, in Germany.

[Another clownage scene is inserted here in the later Quarto, between Robin, Dick, the Horse-courser, and a Carter, who had also suffered from Faustus' magic,—'as I am a cursen man, he ate up all my load of hay!' 'The most famous of the tricks attributed to Faust is that in Auerbach's Cellars at Leipzig, where he, or rather his familiar, bored holes round the edge of the table, and various kinds of wine run out; see Goethe's *Faust*.]

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SCENE 5.

12. *meat* : food of any kind, as in the A.V. of the Bible. See i. 1, 161.

19. *that* : either this word, or *how*, in the next line, is superfluous,

25. *Saba* : ii. 1, 152.

Page 47.

36. *beholding* : beholden, indebted.

[This scene is much lengthened in the later Quarto (1616) by more 'clownage.' Robin, Dick, the Horse-courser, etc., 'bounce (i.e. knock) at the gate,' make a great 'coil' (disturbance), and demand 'to speak with Dr. Faustus,'—which they do, to their great discomfiture.]

ACT V. SC. 1.

3. *methinketh* is suggested by some editors to improve the metre, which I have ventured to do by inserting *his*.

8. *belike* : i. 1, 43.

9. *conference* : conversation.

11. *determined with* : agreed amongst. *Helen of Greece* : more commonly called Helen of Troy, the wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta ; carried off by Paris, son of Priam (ii. 2, 27), to Troy. All Greece leagued together to bring her back, and after ten years' siege destroyed the city of Troy. This story is the subject of Homer's *Iliad*,—Ilium being another name for Troy.

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22. *no otherways* : not otherwise, in just the same form.

23. *Sir Paris* : so Pistol, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, speaks of 'Sir Pandarus of Troy,' and Fouqué, in *Sintram*, of 'Duke Menelaus.' Even the Devil was called 'Sir Urian.' 'Sir' was the correct address of kings, earls, knights, and priests.

24. *spoils* : *i.e.* Helen herself. *Dardania* : Troy-land.

29. *rape* : carrying off (Lat. *rapio*).

30. *passeth all compare* : surpasses all comparison.

32. *paragon* : incomparable model ; a Spanish word.

35. *farewell* : accent on the last syllable.

STAGE DIRECTION. Old Man : described in the *Faustbuch* as 'a pious God-fearing physician and lover of the Holy Scriptures, who was neighbour unto Dr. Faustus.' A different speech is put into his mouth in the Quarto of 1616.

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41. *repentant heaviness of* : grief repentant of.

45. *commiseration* : usually, expression of pity ; here, begging for pity.

50. *calls for right* : claims its rights.

52. *do thee right* : pay thy due.

a dagger : cp. ii. 2, 21. As the time draws near, Faustus, in growing despair, no longer spurns the idea of suicide.

61. **heavy cheer** : sorrowful frame of mind ; cp. 'be of good cheer.'

65. **strives with** (i.e. against) grace.

Page 50.

69. **revolt** : turn back again. **piece-meal** : piece by piece ; cp. *inchmeal* (Shakespeare, *Tempest*) and *limb-meal* (limb from limb).

75. **drift** : purpose (of repentance) ; cp. 1 *Tamb.* i. 2, 'your intended drifts.' Here Faustus is supposed to sign again, in blood, his contract with Lucifer.

76. **age** : aged man.

79. **touch his soul** : Job, ii. 6.

91. Marlowe's most famous and splendid passage, worthy of Michael Drayton's panegyric : 'His raptures were || All air and fire.' Cp. 2 *Tamb.* ii. 4 :

'Helen, whose beauty summoned Greece to arms
And drew a thousand ships to Tenedos.'

92. **topless** : which are not overtopped by any.

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100. **Menelaus** : here three syllables ; perhaps should be spelt *Menelas* (Dr. Ward).

101. **wear thy colours** : as medieval knights wore their ladies' favours in the tournament.

102. **in the heel** : Achilles, the champion of the Greeks besieging Troy, was invulnerable except in the heel, where Paris mortally wounded him with an arrow.

107. **Semele** begged her lover, Jupiter, to show himself in all his splendour, and was consumed by his brightness.

108. **monarch of the sky** may be either Jupiter or Apollo, the Sun-God ; but the water-nymph *Arethusa* was beloved by the River-God *Alpheus* (see Shelley's *Arethusa*). Marlowe's mythology seems to be at fault.

SCENE 2.

3. **tribunal seat** : judgment seat.

4. **sift** : try my faith, tempt me to deny God St. Luke, xii. 31.

5. **furnace** : cf. Daniel, ch. 3. **state** : pride, power (Prol. 4).

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SCENE 3.

3. Chamber-fellow : companion who shared his room at the university.

10. 'Tis but a surfeit : attack of indigestion.

Page 54.

65. After the departure of the scholars, in the later edition (1616), Mephistophilis appears to exult in his triumph :

'Twas I, that when thou wert i' the way to heaven,
 Damn'd up thy passage ; when thou took'st the book
 To view the Scriptures, then I turned the leaves,
 And led thine eye (*i.e.* distracted your attention).
 What ! weep'st thou ? 'Tis too late ; despair, farewell !
 Fools that will laugh on earth must weep in hell !'

Then the Good and Evil Angels bid him farewell, and show him Hell open, and the punishments of the wicked.

69. spheres : ii. 2, 61, note.

75. From Ovid, *Amores*, i. 13, 40, 'O slowly, slowly, run, ye steeds of Night !'

81. for naming of : iii. 1, 78. Lucifer : two extra-metrical syllables, rare in Marlowe ; Introd. § 19 (2).

90. that reign'd at my nativity : that were in the ascendant (ii. 2, 65) at the hour of my birth.

Page 55.

96. so that : provided that.

104. no end is limit : no limit is set.

107. Pythagoras, the renowned philosopher of Samos (born about B.C. 600), taught the doctrine of metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, an Oriental belief which he perhaps derived from Egypt. Shakespeare, *As You Like It* ; iii. 2. Still : for ever ; cp. 76.

117. quick : perhaps 'living' ; cp. *Richard II.* iv. 1, 262, 'To melt myself away in water-drops.'

Page 56.

123. In the later Quarto (1616) a short scene follows here. The scholars return in the morning and find Faustus' limbs 'all torn asunder by the hand of death':

'The devils whom Faustus served have torn him thus :
 For 'twixt the hours of twelve and one, methought
 I heard him shriek and call aloud for help,
 At which self (ii 1, 119) time the house seemed all on fire,
 With dreadful horror of these damned fiends.
 'Though Faustus' end be such
 As every Christian heart laments to think on,
 Yet for he was a scholar once admired
 For wondrous learning in our German Schools,
 We'll give his mangled limbs due burial.'

125. *Apollo* : Father of the Muses, God of Learning ; the aurel or bay was sacred to him ; i. 3, 32.

129. *only to wonder* : and not pry into them further. Notice the riming couplet at the end, as often in Shakespeare, but very rarely used by Marlowe.

Terminat : 'the Hour ends the day, the Author ends his work' ; a Latin verse of unknown origin ; cp. ii. 1, 41.

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THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF
DOCTOR FAUSTUS

The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus

Text of 1604

By
Christopher Marlowe

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

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